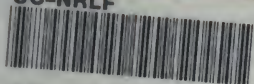


DRAMATIC READER FOR GRAMMAR GRADES

MARIETTA
KNIGHT

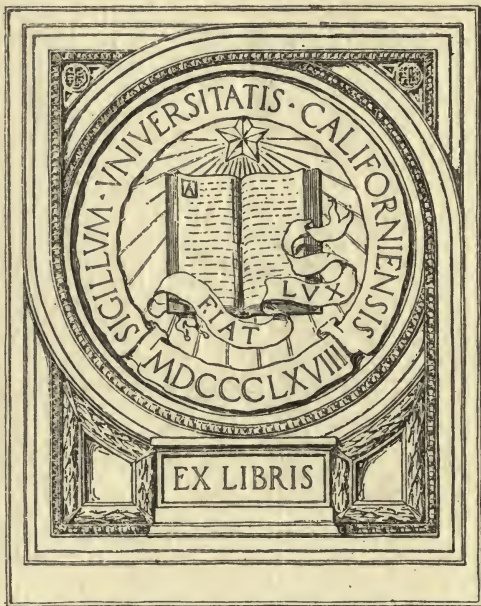
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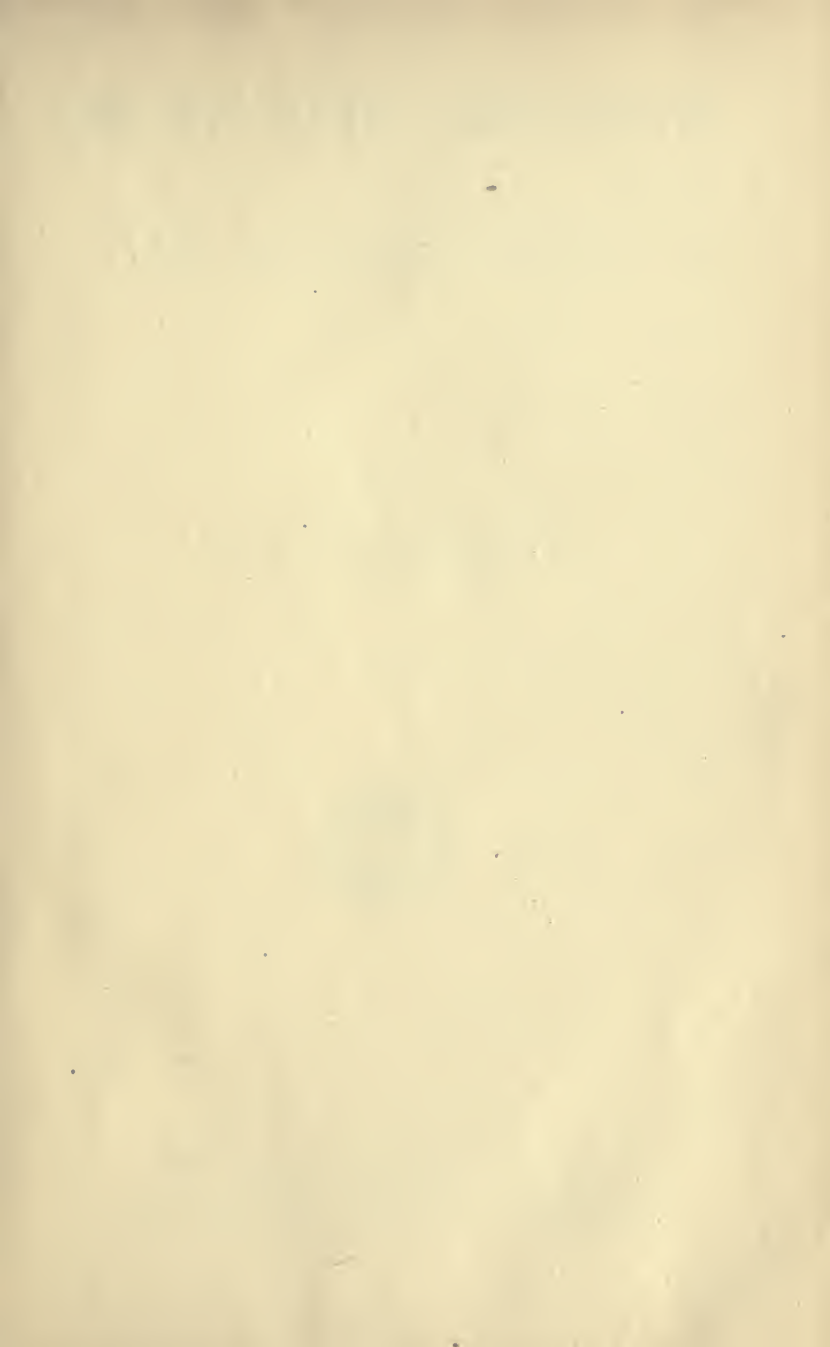
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DRAMATIC READER

FOR GRAMMAR GRADES

BY

MARIETTA KNIGHT



NEW YORK . . . CINCINNATI . . . CHICAGO
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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KNIGHT'S DRAMATIC READER.

W. P. I

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PREFACE

AN experience of ten years in helping boys and girls to present scenes from small plays has given me convincing evidence that the dramatic instinct is strong in children, and an experience of more than ten years of teaching has made it clear that the ordinary school material and school work do little to satisfy and develop that instinct. Then, too, every teacher knows how rare is the child who reads with natural intonation and emphasis. As soon as he begins to read he begins to be artificial. But this artificiality is always less evident when children lose themselves in pretending to be some one else. Then they show spontaneity, natural tones, and expression, and then there are few in the little school audience whose wits have gone woolgathering.

I hope that this book will help both to satisfy the child's appetite and develop better oral reading.

These dialogues are not "plays"; they are not intended for action, but for reading. In the adaptation of narrative material, the process has been mainly that of elimination, the purpose having been to alter the original material as little as possible.

I gratefully acknowledge the courtesy of the Lothrop, Lee, and Shepard Company, the Macmillan Company, and the Houghton Mifflin Company in allowing the use of material.

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(6)

TOMMY INVITES THE BARKERS TO DINNER

DRAMATIC READER

MRS. BANGS'S PIES: A THANKSGIVING STORY

SCENE I

Characters { Mrs. Bangs
Tommy Bangs
Moses Bangs

Mrs. Bangs. Twenty-three pies! and only two boys to eat them! That never'll do!

Tommy. I know who'd come, mother, if you asked him. He'd be awfully glad!

Mrs. Bangs. Who? Twenty-one, twenty-two—yes, that quince tart over in the corner makes just twenty-three. It's a mite burned on the edge, to be sure, but, then, it counts; and boys won't mind so long's it's a pie. Who is it, Tommy, we'd better ask to Thanksgiving?

Tommy. Jed Barker. Oh, my, isn't that a monster! I never saw such raisins.

Mrs. Bangs. Jed Barker! Why, 'twas only yesterday that you wouldn't speak to him; and now you want him to come to Thanksgiving.

Tommy. Oh, well, he's a good enough fellow. (*Picking up a bunch of raisins.*) Do you want me to seed these, mother, for the pudding?

Mrs. Bangs. They're being seeded pretty fast now, I should think. Mercy! how they've gone! Is that the bottom of the box?

Tommy. It does take such lots for cake. A box doesn't last any time, mother.

Mrs. Bangs (looking sharply at him). I should think not. Well, Thanksgiving doesn't come but once a year, so you might as well have a nice time, I s'pose, if the raisins do have to suffer. Now, what in the world do you want that Jed Barker to come here on Thanksgiving for, Tommy?

Tommy. He won't get anything at home; just think of it — not even a chicken! And we're going to have such a time.

Mrs. Bangs. Are the Barkers poor? Why, I never supposed it. His mother wears a silk gown to meeting and mine's only an alpaca, and I'm sure her bonnets are a sight better than mine.

Tommy. Well, they're just awful poor. Now I'll tell you something. Is the door shut?

Mrs. Bangs. Yes. Whatever is the matter with these Barkers? Do tell on, Tommy; you make me nervous as a witch.

Tommy. And are you sure Mose isn't upstairs?

Mrs. Bangs. As sure as I can be; haven't I sent him to the store for some molasses? If you

don't hurry and tell what you're going to, Tommy Bangs, you sha'n't have any Thanksgiving; that's settled.

Tommy. Well, I was coming up past there yesterday, and —

Mrs. Bangs. From school, do you mean? What made you go that way?

Tommy. Oh, the other boys were all going, so I said I'd go too. Well, teacher asked me if I'd take Jed's book to him, 'cause he wasn't at school, and I said yes —

Mrs. Bangs. "Yes, sir," you mean. Didn't you have any better manners than that?

Tommy. I said "yes, sir," to him; but I'm telling you now, and Mose'll be back if I don't hurry.

Mrs. Bangs. Go on; what next?

Tommy. Well, I ran ahead of the others; they waited at the corner 'cause they didn't want to see him, and —

Mrs. Bangs. I don't see why you boys can't any of you take to Jed Barker. Isn't he a good boy, Tom?

Tommy. He — well, he's a brick, mother. There isn't any boy round here would have done what he's been doing. Say, won't you have him to Thanksgiving? Do, ma.

Mrs. Bangs. How can I tell, till I know what you're driving at? You're enough to drive anybody crazy, Tommy, you are.

Tommy. And I looked through the window, and what do you think I saw?

Mrs. Bangs. If you peeked, you're not any child of mine! Don't say you did that.

Tommy. I didn't peek. I couldn't help see as I went past the window. I couldn't.

Mrs. Bangs. What was it?

Tommy. 'Twas a bed in the corner, right down on the floor; and a little girl was lying on it not much bigger than Mose. And — and — she said, "Come in," so I went.

Mrs. Bangs. How did she look, Tommy? Why, I didn't know the Barkers had any little girl.

Tommy. Oh, she looked — she looked — oh, mother, she was humpbacked!

Mrs. Bangs. Don't take on so, child. I dare say she was only resting; she probably walks all around.

Tommy. She hasn't ever walked!

Mrs. Bangs. Hasn't ever walked! The poor little creature! Oh, what did she say, Tommy?

Tommy. She didn't say anything; only told me that, 'cause she couldn't get up to open the door for me. And then she asked me to sit down and wait for Jed. And I did, and — and then I didn't know what to say, so I asked her if she was going to have a Thanksgiving; and she said — what do you think? She said that she didn't know what they were.

Mrs. Bangs. Why, that's worse than the heathen!

Tommy. And I told her 'twas to eat till you couldn't eat any more. Not bread and butter and gingerbread, but lots of pie and turkey.

Mrs. Bangs. What did she say?

Tommy. She didn't say anything for a minute, and then she said "oh!" It scared me to hear her say it, ma. And she said they never had any butter on their bread,—never,—and Jed was saving every bit to pay the doctor to come every little while to see her back; it gets so bad. And out of school he works for the old shoemaker around the corner, and runs of errands for lots of folks. And sometimes he goes out to study his lessons under the street lamps; he does truly, now, ma—

Mrs. Bangs. Now, Tommy, I don't believe that.

Tommy. She said so; true's I live, she did! And the mother sews and sews all day, except when she goes to carry home the work, and Sundays; for she's got one good gown a lady gave her before she moved here, and she *will* go to church.

Mrs. Bangs. Oh, Tommy, how I have envied that gown! Such a wicked woman as I have been!

Tommy. You're not half so wicked as I am. I wouldn't speak to him, and none of the boys would, 'cause we thought he felt so smart.

Mrs. Bangs. Tommy, do you suppose we'd have time to run over to Mrs. Barker's now, you and I? We're going to have the whole of them

over here to Thanksgiving, Tommy Bangs! What else are my twenty-three pies for, I'd like to know?

Tommy. The whole of 'em? The little girl and all?

Mrs. Bangs. The whole of them. Bless you, yes. That poor little thing shall come anyway. You and Jed can fetch her in your arms.

Tommy (capering about the room). Put your bonnet right on; never mind your baking gown, — don't, ma.

Mrs. Bangs. She wouldn't come if I should go in that rig.

[*Moses comes in with a big market basket.*]

Moses. Oh, where are you going? My arm's almost broken, ma, dragging that old thing.

Mrs. Bangs. We're going out of an errand, Tommy and I; and you must keep house until we get back.

Moses. Where are you going?

Mrs. Bangs (smiling at Tommy). To get something for Thanksgiving. So you be a good boy and don't tease, and we'll tell you when we get home.

Moses. Phoo! I don't want to get any more things for Thanksgiving. That isn't any fun, lugging great heavy things! I wish Thanksgiving was here now. I do; I'm so hungry.

Mrs. Bangs. And when it does come, it'll be such a Thanksgiving as never was; for we're going

to have something then at our table you've never seen there before, Mosie Bangs.

[*Mrs. Bangs and Tommy leave the house.*]

SCENE II

<i>Characters</i>	{	Mrs. Bangs
		Tommy
		Mrs. Barker
		Jed Barker
		Janey Barker

When Tommy and his mother reached the gate of the Barkers' house, Mrs. Bangs's courage began to leave her.

Mrs. Bangs. I've a mind not to go in. I wish I'd sent you. You run along in and ask 'em, Tommy.

Tommy. What'll I say? How'll I do it, ma?

Mrs. Bangs. For mercy's sake! You'll have them all out here, if you don't keep still — sh!

Tommy. Well, how'll I do it? Oh, I see somebody peeking out of the window.

Mrs. Bangs. You run in and tell them — no; tell Mrs. Barker that it's my compliments, and ask her if she'll eat our Thanksgiving dinner with us!

Tommy. Not all of it! I wish I hadn't come, I do. Don't let 'em eat all.

Mrs. Bangs. You silly boy! there'll be enough for them and us all too, — more than you can eat, twice over. Do be still!

Tommy. Will there be? Oh, then, I'll go in right smack off.

Tommy (pushing open the door). It's my compelmunse — my compelmunse —

Mrs. Barker. Who is this, Jed?

Janey. Oh, it's the boy who was here the other day, mammy; the nice boy who told all about Thanksgiving.

Tommy. That's it. And that's just what I came for to-night. My mother's outside, and she says you're to eat some of our Thanksgiving dinner. And it's going to be a buster! (*Pointing to Janey.*) *She's* coming anyway. My mother said so.

Jed. Say, Janey, you're going! Oh, Janey, just think! You're going to Thanksgiving!

[*Mrs. Barker goes out quietly.*]

Tommy. Do you like it? Well, then, you ought to see what we're going to have. Yes, sir, it's a goose — an awful fat fellow. And it's hanging in the back pantry. Mose wanted a turkey, but I'd rather have a goose; so we drew lots with some strings. Mother said we might; and I drew a goose, and a pudding with white on top, and lots and lots of pies. Oh, I guess a meetinghouse full; yes, sir, chuck full.

Janey. O — h!

[*The two mothers come in together.*]

Mrs. Bangs (going to Janey). You poor, blessed

little creature, you! To think you've been lying here so long, and I never knew it!

Janey (smiling). You've come now.

Mrs. Bangs. I've come now; and you won't get rid of me in one spell, I tell you. Tommy Bangs, we must step home as fast as we can, or I sha'n't get ready for Thanksgiving, as true as you're alive.

Tommy. And if Mose should eat any raisins, I know there won't be enough for the pudding. Do hurry, ma!

Mrs. Bangs (laughing). Never mind the pudding. We've got something better than forty puddings!

Jed. We can't ever thank you, but we'll come.

Janey. We'll come, every single one: mother, Jed, and I!

From "What the Seven Did," by Margaret Sidney (adapted).



(16)

“AND I SHALL BEGIN NOW FOR NEXT YEAR. YES, I WILL”

HOW THE LITTLE SMITHS GOT THEIR FOURTH-OF-JULY MONEY

Characters { Mr. Smith
Aunt Nancy
Harper Smith
Joe Smith
Lucy Smith

SCENE I

Harper. What did George Washington do, I wonder, on the Fourth of July?

Aunt Nancy. Do pray be still. I don't know. I'm sure I wish there wasn't any Fourth of July.

Joe. Oh, Harp, you ninny! There wasn't any Fourth at all till George Washington made it.

Aunt Nancy. You better study up. You don't begin to realize what the guns and the firecrackers and the torpedoes, and all the other dreadful things that blow up people and knock off boys' fingers and toes, are for. It would be a great deal better if boys had more history in their heads and less money in their pockets. That's the way to celebrate, I think; and I mean to ask your father about it.

Harper. Oh, don't, *don't*, Aunt Nancy — please *don't*. Don't make father take away our money; we always have it, you know.

Aunt Nancy. You can have your money; but you ought to know what you're spending it for. I should, I know, be able to tell something about my country, and who fought for it.

[*Mr. Smith comes in and they sit down to supper. After the table is cleared the children beg for a story.*]

Joe. Now, father, for a story.

Mr. Smith. When does the Fourth of July come?

Joe. It's three weeks from day after to-morrow.

Mr. Smith. Well, what are you going to do on the Fourth?

Joe. Oh, everything.

Harper. You said you'd give us more money *this* Fourth. Don't you remember? 'Cause we're bigger, you know.

Mr. Smith. And so you'll try to blow off your heads harder than ever, I suppose. And then who's to pay the doctor's bills, I wonder.

Joe. If our heads were off, we shouldn't have to have the doctor.

Mr. Smith (laughing). True enough. Well, heads stand for everything else—all the hurts, I mean.

Harper. I'm not going to blow off my head. Say, father, I promise you I won't. Do give us the money, *do*.

Mr. Smith. Do you want more than you had before?

Harper. Yes, *sir*; I want forty cannons.

Aunt Nancy. Mercy!

Mr. Smith. Well, then, I'll tell you how you can get it.

Lucy. Really, papa?

Mr. Smith. Really, and I don't mind paying money for such an object. It's well spent, I can tell you. Now, boys, see here—and Lucy, too. You all go to work to-morrow morning and work for three weeks—all the time you can get out of school, I mean—and study up everything you can get hold of that concerns the history of our country, what Fourth of July's for, who made the country what it is—and all that. Begin at the very foundation; get all the information you possibly can; find out all the names of the Presidents for one thing, and all about the establishing of Congress; most of the principal battles and all that. Then, three weeks from to-morrow night, the one who knows the most, and can tell it in a sensible way that shows he knows what he's learned, and not like a parrot,—he shall have the most money. And it shall be a large sum, I promise you, compared to what you had last year. That's all. Now you may speak.

Harper. 'Twas all Aunt Nancy. And she wasn't ever a boy, and she doesn't know how we want things!

Joe. We never can do it.

Mr. Smith. *Never's* a long word. Begin to-night. Come, boys, get out the maps, and we'll start right off, now, this very minute.

Harper. And I'm going to get that awful old history; that'll tell lots.

Mr. Smith. Do. Go along too, Joe and Lucy, and get all the books you can; then we'll see.

[*They all fall to work turning over pages, while Mr. Smith explains.*]

Aunt Nancy. I'm going to have a finger in this Fourth of July pie; so you needn't think to keep me out. And the one I find knows the most when you all get through in three weeks, why, for him there are some stray dollars in my purse that I don't know what to do with, and they might as well go along with your father's as anywhere else.

Harper. And if anybody sees a bigger Fourth of July than we'll have, I'd like to know it, that's all!

Joe. Three cheers for Christopher Columbus, and the whole lot! I wish 'twas Fourth twice a year, I do.

Lucy. We haven't got ready for one yet. I'm going to make this a good one first.

Harper. Three cheers for Christopher Columbus — and Lucy!

Mr. Smith. Now, to bed.

Joe. It *can't* be nine o'clock.

Mr. Smith. Look at the clock then.

Lucy. It's dreadfully nice. I'd like to sit up all night and study.

Mr. Smith. Hold out to the end; that's what will tell.

SCENE II

For two days all the children studied hard. Then Harper became so interested in a trick dog that he forgot to study. Lucy and Joe continued to study most of their spare time, but when the time was almost up Lucy became ill with measles and could not use her eyes to read.

Joe. See here, Lucy, I'll read them to you — every one of the questions, you know. There, don't cry. And then you can learn the answers, and say them over and over; and, goodness me! why, you'll learn a heap that way.

Lucy. I can't; it'll put you back; you might be studying all the while, Joe. Oh, dear! dear!

Aunt Nancy. That's very true; and that wouldn't be quite right, Lucy. It's all the same a good thing in you, Joe, to want to. There are some things better than prizes, or knowledge even. But I'll read to you, Lucy, and if you can have the patience to learn that way, — it will be much harder, you know, — why, perhaps you'll come off better than you think; who knows?

SCENE III

TIME : *Evening of the third of July*

Lucy. Of course I don't expect any prize ; but I know a little something, and that's nice. But, oh ! to think of Joe !

Mr. Smith. Where's Harper ?

Harper (dolefully). Here, under the table. I don't know anything, and I'm not coming out.

Mr. Smith. I shouldn't think you did, to talk in that way. Ah, Harper, my boy, play is pleasant enough at the time, but I tell you it hurts afterward ; that is, if it's all play.

[*Mr. Smith spends an hour in asking the children questions in history.*]

Aunt Nancy. And now, the result.

Mr. Smith. The first prize, of course, belongs, without doubt, to Joe ; but if ever a prize ought to be given as fairly earned under difficulties, there should be one for my little girl.

[*He gives each of the two children a brand-new ten-dollar bill.*]

Joe (to Lucy). You have got one too ! Oh, Lucy, do look and see.

Lucy (lifting the bandage off her eyes). Have I ? Oh, Joe, I have, I *have*.

Aunt Nancy. And here is my part of the Fourth-

of-July pie (*rattling down a shower of silver quarters*).
There! and there! and there!

Joe. The Fourth of July forever! Three cheers
for the *Encyclopedia of Events* I'll get!

Lucy. That's no better than the histories I'll
have!

Harper (dismally). And I shall begin now for
next year. Yes, I will.

From "What the Seven Did," by Margaret Sidney (adapted).



“ SO-SO ”

Characters { Mother
Joan, the daughter
So-so, the pet dog
Old Woman

Mother. Be sure, my child, that you always do just as you are told.

Joan. Very well, mother.

So-so. Or, at any rate, do what will do just as well.

Joan. You darling! What a dear, kind house-dog you are!

Mother. I am going out for two hours. You are too young to protect yourself and the house, and So-so is not very strong. When I go, shut the door and bolt the big wooden bar, and be sure that you do not open it for any reason whatever till I return. If strangers come, So-so may bark; then they will go away. With this summer's savings I have bought a quilted petticoat for you and a cloak for myself, and if I get the work I am going after to-day, I shall buy enough wool to knit warm stockings for us both. So be patient till I return, and then we will have the plum cake that is in the cupboard for tea.

Joan. Thank you, mother.

Mother. Good-by, my child.. Be sure and do just as I have told you.

Joan. Very well, mother.

[*Mother goes out, and Joan bolts the door.*]

Joan. I wish mother had taken us with her and had locked the house and put the key in her big pocket, as she has done before.

So-so. Yes, it would have done just as well.

Joan. There are sixty seconds in every single minute, So-so.

So-so. So I have heard.

Joan. And sixty whole minutes in every hour, So-so.

So-so. You don't say so! (*Snuffing under the house door.*) The air smells fresh.

Joan. It's a beautiful day, I know. I wish mother had allowed us to sit on the doorstep. We could have taken care of the house —

So-so. Just as well.

Joan (*looking out the window*). It's not exactly what mother told us to do, but I do believe —

So-so. It would do just as well.

[*Joan unbolts the door and sits on the doorstep.*]

Joan. It does just as well, and better; for if any one comes, we can see him coming up the field path.

So-so. Just so.

Joan. Oh! there's a bird, a big bird. Dear

So-so, can you see him? I can't, because of the sun. What a queer noise he makes! *Crake! crake!* Oh, I can see him now! He is not flying; he is running, and he has gone into the corn. I do wish I were in the corn. I would catch him, and put him in a cage.

So-so. I'll catch him.

Joan. No, no! You are not to go. You must stay and take care of the house, and bark if any one comes.

So-so. You could scream, and that would do just as well.

Joan. No, it wouldn't.

So-so. Yes, it would.

[*While they are disputing, an old woman comes to the door.*]

Old Woman. Good evening, my little dear, are you all at home this fine evening?

Joan. Only three of us: I, and my doll, and So-so. Mother has gone to the town on business, and we are taking care of the house, but So-so wants to go after the bird we saw run into the corn.

Old Woman. Was it a pretty bird, my little dear?

Joan. It was a very curious one, and I should like to go after it myself, but we can't leave the house.

Old Woman. Dear, dear! Is there no neigh-

bor who would sit on the doorstep for you and keep the house till you just slip down to the field after the curious bird?

Joan. I'm afraid not. Old Martha, our neighbor, is now bedridden. Of course, if she had been able to mind the house instead of us, it would have done just as well.

Old Woman. I have some distance to go this evening, but I do not object to a few minutes' rest; and sooner than that you should lose the bird, I will sit on the doorstep to oblige you, while you run down to the cornfield.

Joan. But can you bark if any one comes? For if you can't, So-so must stay with you.

Old Woman. I can call you and the dog if I see any one coming, and that will do just as well.

Joan. So it will.

[*Joan and So-so run off to the cornfield and stay a considerable time.*]

Joan (coming up the path to the house). Why, So-so! The old woman has gone! But I dare say mother has come home. I hope she won't think we ought to have stayed in the house.

So-so. It was taken care of, and that must do just as well.

Joan (entering the house). But, So-so, mother isn't here! And look! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! what will mother say? That horrid old woman has taken my

new petticoat and mother's new cloak! Oh, dear me! So-so, you're a naughty, naughty dog. You shouldn't have made me go outdoors!

Mother (entering the house). Joan, my child, why is the house door open? Why, what is the trouble? Why are you crying? What has happened?

Joan. Oh, m-m-mother darling, we've been naughty. So-so teased me to go out on the doorstep, and we did, and a horrid old woman came, and while we went after a beautiful bird for just a very little time, that old woman — oh, mother dear, she — she stole my petticoat — my new petticoat — and your new cloak, too! Oh, mother, mother, I'm sorry, I'm sorry!

Mother. For the future, my child, I hope you will always do just as you are told, whatever So-so may say.

Joan. I will, I will, mother.

From "So-so," by Juliana Horatia Ewing (adapted).



ALICE IN WONDERLAND

Characters { Alice
The Gryphon
The Mock Turtle

Gryphon. Mock Turtle, this here young lady, she wants for to know your history, she do.

Mock Turtle. I'll tell it to her; sit down both of you, and don't speak a word till I've finished.

Alice (aside). I don't see how he can *ever* finish, if he doesn't begin.

Mock Turtle. Once I was a real Turtle. When we were little, we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle — we used to call him Tortoise —

Alice. Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one?

Mock Turtle. We called him Tortoise because he taught us. Really you are very dull!

Gryphon. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question! Drive on, old fellow! Don't be all day about it!

Mock Turtle. Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn't believe it.

Alice. I never said I didn't!

Mock Turtle. You did!

Gryphon. Hold your tongue!

Mock Turtle. We had the best of education — in fact, we went to school every day —

Alice. I've been to a day school, too; you needn't be so proud as all that.

Mock Turtle. With extras?

Alice. Yes, we learned French and music.

Mock Turtle. And washing?

Alice (indignantly). Certainly not!

Mock Turtle. Ah! then yours wasn't really a good school. Now at *ours* they had at the end of the bill, "French, music, *and washing* — extra."

Alice. You couldn't have wanted it much, living at the bottom of the sea.

Mock Turtle. I couldn't afford to learn it. I only took the regular course.

Alice. What was that?

Mock Turtle. Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with; and then the different branches of Arithmetic, — Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision.

Alice. I never heard of "Uglification." What is it?

Gryphon. Never heard of uglifying? You know what to beautify is, I suppose?

Alice (doubtfully). Yes, it means — to — make — anything — prettier.

Gryphon. Well, then, if you don't know what to uglify is, you *are* a simpleton.

Alice (to Mock Turtle). What else had you to learn?

Mock Turtle. Well, there was a Mystery. Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography. Then Drawling—the Drawling master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week. He taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils.

Alice. What was that like?

Mock Turtle. Well, I can't show it to you myself; I'm too stiff. And the Gryphon never learned it.

Gryphon. Hadn't time. I went to the Classical master, though. He was an old crab, *he* was.

Mock Turtle. I never went to him. He taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say.

Gryphon. So he did, so he did.

Alice. And how many hours a day did you do lessons?

Mock Turtle. Ten hours the first day, nine the next, and so on.

Alice. What a curious plan!

Gryphon. That's the reason they're called lessons, because they lessen from day to day.

Alice. Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday!

Mock Turtle. Of course it was.

Alice (eagerly). And how did you manage on the twelfth?

Gryphon (gruffly). That's enough about lessons. Tell her something about the games, now.

Mock Turtle. You may not have lived much under the sea, and perhaps you were never even introduced to a Lobster, so you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster Quadrille is!

Alice. No, indeed. What sort of a dance is it?

Gryphon. Why, you first form into a line along the seashore —

Mock Turtle. Two lines! Seals, turtles, salmon, and so on; then when you've cleared all the jelly-fish out of the way —

Gryphon. That generally takes some time.

Mock Turtle. You advance twice —

Gryphon. Each with a lobster as a partner!

Mock Turtle. Of course, advance twice, set to partners —

Gryphon. Change lobsters and retire in the same order.

Mock Turtle. Then, you know, you throw the —

Gryphon. The lobsters!

Mock Turtle. As far out to sea as you can —

Gryphon. Swim after them!

Mock Turtle. Turn a somersault in the sea!

Gryphon. Change lobsters again.

Mock Turtle. Back to land again, and — that's all the first figure.

Alice. It must be a very pretty dance!

Mock Turtle. Would you like to see a little of it?

Alice. Very much, indeed.

Mock Turtle (to Gryphon). Come, let's try the first figure. We can do it without lobsters, you know. Which shall sing?

Gryphon. Oh, *you* sing. I've forgotten the words.

[*They dance, and Mock Turtle sings the following:*]

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail.

"There's a porpoise close behind us and he's treading on my tail.

See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!

They are waiting on the shingle — will you come and join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be

When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!"

But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance —

Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

Alice. Thank you, it's a very interesting dance to watch, and I do so like that curious song!

From "Alice in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll (adapted).

Gryphon — griff'on.



A MAD TEA PARTY

A MAD TEA PARTY

Characters { The Hatter
The March Hare
The Dormouse
Alice

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it. A Dormouse was sitting between them fast asleep. Alice walked toward them.

Hatter. No room! No room!

Alice (indignantly). There's *plenty* of room.

March Hare. Have some wine?

Alice. I don't see any wine.

March Hare. There isn't any.

Alice. Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it.

March Hare. It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited.

Alice. I didn't know it was your table. It's laid for a great many more than three.

Hatter. Your hair wants cutting.

Alice (severely). You should learn not to make personal comments; it's very rude.

Hatter. Why is a raven like a writing desk?

Alice. I believe I can guess that.

Hatter. Do you mean that you can find out the answer to it?

Alice. Exactly so.

March Hare. Then you should say what you mean.

Alice. I do — at least — at least I mean what I say, — that's the same thing, you know.

Hatter. Not the same thing a bit! Why, you might just as well say that "I see what I eat" is the same thing as "I eat what I see"!

March Hare. You might just as well say that "I like what I get" is the same thing as "I get what I like"!

Dormouse. You might just as well say that "I breathe when I sleep" is the same thing as "I sleep when I breathe!"

Hatter. It *is* the same thing with you. What day of the month is it?

Alice. The fourth.

Hatter (sighing). Two days wrong. I told you butter wouldn't suit the works (*looking angrily at the March Hare*).

March Hare (meekly). It was the *best* butter.

Hatter. Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well; you shouldn't have put it in with the bread knife.

March Hare. It was the *best* butter, you know.

Alice (looking at the watch). What a funny

watch! It tells the day of the month and doesn't tell what o'clock it is.

Hatter (muttering). Why should it? Does your watch tell what year it is?

Alice. Of course not; but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together.

Hatter. Which is just the case with *mine*.

Alice (puzzled). I don't quite understand you.

Hatter. The Dormouse is asleep again (*pouring a little hot tea on its nose*).

Dormouse (with eyes shut). Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself.

Hatter (to Alice). Have you guessed the riddle yet?

Alice. No, I give it up. What's the answer?

Hatter. I haven't the slightest idea.

March Hare. Nor I.

Alice (sighing wearily). I think you might do something better with the time than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers.

Hatter. If you knew Time as well as I do, you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*.

Alice. I don't know what you mean.

Hatter. Of course you don't! I dare say you never even spoke to Time.

Alice. Perhaps not, but I know I have to beat time when I learn music.

Hatter. Ah! that accounts for it. He won't stand beating. Now if you only kept on good terms

with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons. You'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!

March Hare (whispering). I only wish it was.

Alice. That would be grand, certainly; but then — I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know.

Hatter. Not at first, perhaps; but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked.

Alice. Is that the way *you* manage?

Hatter (mournfully). Not I. We quarreled last March — just before *he* went mad, you know (*pointing to the March Hare*); it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing:—

“Twinkle, twinkle, little bat,
How I wonder what you're at.”

You know the song, perhaps?

Alice. I've heard something like it.

Hatter. It goes on, you know, in this way:—

“Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea tray in the sky.”

Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse, when the Queen bawled out: “He's murdering the time! Off with his head!”

Alice. How dreadfully savage!

Hatter. And ever since that he won't do a thing I ask. It's always six o'clock now.

Alice. Is that the reason so many tea things are put out here?

Hatter. Yes, that's it; it's always tea time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles.

Alice. Then you keep moving round, I suppose.

Hatter. Exactly so, — as the things get used up.

Alice. But when you come to the beginning again?

March Hare. Suppose we change the subject. I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story.

Alice. I'm afraid I don't know one.

March Hare. Then the Dormouse shall! Wake up, Dormouse!

Dormouse (*slowly opening his eyes*). I wasn't asleep. I heard every word you fellows were saying.

March Hare. Tell us a story!

Alice. Yes, please do!

Hatter. And be quick about it, or you'll be asleep before it's done.

Dormouse. Once upon a time there were three little sisters, and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well.

Alice. What did they live on?

Dormouse. They lived on treacle.

Alice. They couldn't have done that, you know; they'd have been ill.

Dormouse. So they were, — *very* ill.

Alice. But why did they live at the bottom of a well?

March Hare. Take some more tea.

Alice (offended). I've had nothing yet, so I can't take more.

Hatter. You mean, you can't take *less*. It's very easy to take *more* than nothing.

Alice. Nobody asked *your* opinion.

Hatter (triumphantly). Who's making personal remarks now?

Alice (to the Dormouse). Why did they live at the bottom of a well?

Dormouse. It was a treacle well.

Alice (angrily). There's no such —

March Hare and Hatter. Sh! Sh!

Dormouse. If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story yourself.

Alice (humbly). No, please go on. I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one*.

Dormouse (indignantly). One, indeed! And so these three sisters, — they were learning to draw, you know —

Alice. What did they draw?

Dormouse. Treacle.

Hatter (interrupting). I want a clean cup; let's all move one place on.

[*Each moves on one place.*]

Alice (cautiously). But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?

Hatter. You can draw water out of a water-well; so I think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well, — eh, stupid?

Alice. But they were *in* the well.

Dormouse. Of course they were — well in. They were learning to draw, and they drew all manner of things, — everything that begins with an M —

Alice. Why with an M?

March Hare. Why not?

Dormouse (sleepily). That begins with an M, such as mouse traps, and the moon, and memory — and muchness; you know you say things are “much of a muchness.” Did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?

Alice (confused). Really, now you ask me, I don't think —

Hatter. Then you shouldn't talk.

Alice (walking off in great disgust). At any rate I'll *never* go there again! It's the stupidest tea party I was ever at in all my life.

From “Alice in Wonderland,” by Lewis Carroll (adapted).



DIAMOND AND THE NORTH WIND

Diamond's father was a coachman, who lived with his wife and little son in a few rooms over the coach house. Diamond slept in the loft over the horses' stalls. One very windy night the little boy had crept out of bed many times to stuff paper into a wide chink between the boards near his bed. Suddenly he felt sure he heard a voice close to his ear. He felt about with his hand and found a corner of the paper loosened from the chink. He put his ear to the opening, and then he heard the voice distinctly.

SCENE I

<i>Characters</i>	{	North Wind
		Diamond
		Diamond's Mother

North Wind. What do you mean, little boy — closing up my window?

Diamond. What window?

North Wind. You stuffed hay into it three times last night. I had to blow it out three times.

Diamond. You can't mean this little hole! It isn't a window; it's a hole in the wall over my bed.

North Wind. I did not mean to say it was a window; I said it was *my* window.

Diamond. But it can't be a window, because windows are holes to see out of.

North Wind. Well, that's just what I made this window for.

Diamond. But you are outside; you can't want a window.

North Wind. You are quite mistaken. Windows are to see out of, you say. Well, I'm in my house, and I want windows to see out of it.

Diamond. But you've made a window into my bed.

North Wind. Well, your mother has got three windows into my dancing room, and you have three into my garret.

Diamond. But I heard father say, when my mother wanted him to make a window through the wall, that it was against the law, for it would look into Mr. Dyves' garden.

North Wind (laughing). The law would have some trouble to catch me!

Diamond. But it's not right, you know; that's no matter. You shouldn't do it.

North Wind. I am so tall I am above *that* law.

Diamond. You must have a tall house, then.

North Wind. Yes; a tall house; the clouds are inside it.

Diamond. Dear me! I think, then, you can hardly expect me to keep a window in my bed for

you. Why don't you make a window into Mr. Dyves' bed?

North Wind (sadly). Nobody makes a window into an ash pit. I like to see nice things out of my windows.

Diamond. But he must have a nicer bed than I have, though mine is *very* nice — so nice that I couldn't wish it better.

North Wind. It's not the bed I care about; it's what is in it. But you just open that window.

Diamond. Well, mother says I shouldn't be dis-obliging; but it's rather hard. You see the North Wind will blow right in my face if I do.

North Wind. I am the North Wind.

Diamond. O-o-oh! Then will you promise not to blow on my face if I open your window?

North Wind. I can't promise that.

Diamond. But you'll give me the toothache. Mother's got it already.

North Wind. But what's to become of me without a window?

Diamond. I'm sure I don't know. All I say is, it will be worse for me than for you.

North Wind. No, it will not. You shall not be the worse for it — I promise you that. You will be much the better for it. Just you believe what I say, and do as I tell you.

Diamond. Well, I *can* pull the clothes over my head.

[*Diamond pulls out the paper, scrambles back into bed, and covers his head with the bedclothes.*]

North Wind. What is your name, little boy?

Diamond. Diamond.

North Wind. What a funny name!

Diamond (vexed). It's a very nice name.

North Wind. I don't know that.

Diamond. Well, I do.

North Wind. I suppose I must not be angry with you; but you had better look and see whom you are talking to. •

Diamond. Well, Diamond *is* a very pretty name.

North Wind. Diamond is a useless thing, rather.

Diamond. That's not true. My father's horse is named Diamond, too; and he's very nice — as big as two — and so quiet all night! And doesn't he make a jolly row in the morning, getting up on his four legs! It's like thunder.

North Wind. You don't seem to know what a diamond is.

Diamond. Oh, don't I! Diamond is a great and good horse; and he sleeps right under me. He is Old Diamond, and I am Young Diamond; or, if you like it better, for you're very particular, Mr. North Wind, he's Big Diamond and I'm Little Diamond; and I don't know which of us my father likes best.

North Wind (laughing). I'm not Mr. North Wind.

Diamond. You told me that you were the North Wind.

North Wind. I did not say *Mister* North Wind.

Diamond. Well, then, I do; for mother tells me I ought to be polite.

North Wind. Then let me tell you I don't think it at all polite of you to say *Mister* to me.

Diamond. Well, I didn't know any better. I'm very sorry.

North Wind. But you ought to know better.

Diamond. I don't know that.

North Wind. I do. You can't say it's polite to lie there talking—with your head under the bedclothes, and never look up to see what kind of person you are talking to. I want you to come out with me.

Diamond (almost crying). I want to go to sleep.

North Wind. You shall sleep all the better to-morrow night.

Diamond. Besides, you are out in Mr. Dyves' garden, and I can't get there. I can only get into our own yard.

North Wind (half angrily). Will you take your head out of the bedclothes?

Diamond (half frightened). No!

[*A tremendous blast of wind wrenches off a board of the wall and sweeps the clothes off Diamond.*]

North Wind. Will you go with me now, you little Diamond? I am sorry I was forced to be so rough with you.

Diamond. I will; yes, I will. But how shall I get my clothes? They are in mother's room and the door is locked.

North Wind. Oh, never mind your clothes. You will not be cold. I shall take care of that. Nobody is cold with the North Wind.

Diamond. I thought everybody was.

North Wind. That is a great mistake. Most people make it, however. They are cold because they are not with the North Wind, but without it. Follow me. You're not afraid, are you?

Diamond. No, ma'am; but mother never would let me go out without shoes.

North Wind. I know your mother very well. I have visited her often. I know all about you and your mother. Now, you're not to call me *ma'am*. You must call me just my own name—respectfully, you know—just North Wind.

Diamond. Well, North Wind, you are so beautiful, I am quite ready to go with you.

North Wind. You must not be ready to go with everything beautiful all at once, Diamond.

Diamond. But what's beautiful can't be bad. You're not bad, North Wind.

North Wind. No, I'm not bad. But sometimes beautiful things grow bad by doing bad, and

it takes some time for their badness to spoil their beauty.

Diamond. Well, I will go with you because you are beautiful and good, too.

North Wind. But there's another thing, Diamond. What if I should look ugly myself because I am making ugly things beautiful? What, then? If you see me with my face all black, don't be frightened. If you see me flapping wings like a bat's, as big as the whole sky, don't be frightened. If you hear me raging ten times worse than Mrs. Bill, the blacksmith's wife—even if you see me looking in at people's windows—you must believe that I am doing my work. If you keep a good hold of my hand, you will know who I am all the time, even when you look at me and can't see me the least bit like the North Wind.. Do you understand?

Diamond. Quite well.

North Wind. Come along, then.

[*Diamond creeps out of bed and follows North Wind. Suddenly he loses sight of her and finds himself standing in his bare feet on the paving stones of the yard.*]

Mother. Diamond! Diamond! Where are you, Diamond?

Diamond. Here, mother.

Mother. Where, Diamond?

Diamond. Out in the yard, mother.

Mother. Why, child, come into the house quick; you've been walking in your sleep!

SCENE II

One hot evening Diamond sat in the summerhouse, looking at a bed of gay tulips. All at once he saw a great bumblebee fly out from one of the blossoms.

<i>Characters</i>	{	Diamond
	{	North Wind
	{	St. Peter
	{	St. Matthew
	{	St. Thomas
	{	St. Luke
	{	Gardener

North Wind. There! that is something done. I thought he would have to stay there all night, poor fellow!

Diamond (*seeing nothing but the tiniest creature sliding down the stem of the tulip*). And are you the fairy that herds the bees?

North Wind. I'm not a fairy.

Diamond. How do you know that?

North Wind. It would become you better to ask how *you* are to know it.

Diamond. You've just told me.

North Wind. Yes, but what's the use of knowing a thing only because you're told it?

Diamond. Well, how *am* I to know you are not a fairy? You do look very like one.

North Wind. In the first place, fairies are much bigger than you see me.

Diamond. Oh, I thought they were very little.

North Wind. But they might be tremendously bigger than I am, and yet not be *very* big. Why, I could be six times the size I am, and not be very huge. You stupid Diamond! have you never seen me before?

Diamond (*knowing in a moment that it is North Wind*). I *am* very stupid; but I never saw you so small before. How could I think it was you taking care of a great stupid bumblebee?

North Wind. The more stupid he was, the more need he had to be taken care of. What with sucking honey and trying to open the door, he was nearly dazed; and when it opened in the morning to let the sun see the tulip's heart, what would the sun have thought to find such a stupid thing lying there — with wings, too?

Diamond. But how do you have time to look after bees?

North Wind. I don't look after bees. I had this one to look after. It was hard work, though.

Diamond. Hard work! Why, you could blow a chimney down, or — or — a boy's cap off.

North Wind. Both are easier than to blow a tulip open. But I scarcely know the difference be-

tween *hard* and *easy*. I am always able for what I have to do: When I see my work, I just rush at it — and it is done. But I mustn't chatter. I have to sink a ship to-night.

Diamond. Sink a ship! What! with men in it?

North Wind. Yes, and women, too.

Diamond. How dreadful! I wish you wouldn't talk so.

North Wind. It is rather dreadful. But it is my work. I must do it.

Diamond. I hope you won't ask me to go with you.

North Wind. No, I won't ask you. But you must come for all that.

Diamond. I won't.

North Wind (*looking at him kindly*). Won't you?

Diamond. Yes, I will! You cannot be cruel.

North Wind. No, I can do nothing cruel, although I often do what looks like cruel to those who do not know what I really am doing. The people they say I drown, I only carry away to — to — to — well, the back of the North Wind — that is what they used to call it long ago, only *I* never saw the place.

Diamond. How can you carry them there if you never saw it?

North Wind. I know the way.

Diamond. But how is it you never saw it?

North Wind. Because it is behind me.

Diamond. But you can look around.

North Wind. Not far enough to see my own back. No, I always look before me. In fact, I am quite blind and deaf when I try to see my back. I only mind my work.

Diamond. But how is it your work?

North Wind. That I can't tell you. I only know it is, because when I do it I feel all right, and when I don't I feel all wrong. East Wind says — only one does not exactly know how much to believe of what she says — East Wind says it is all managed by a baby; but I don't know. I just stick to my work. It is all one to me to let a bee out of a tulip, or to sweep the cobwebs from the sky. You would like to go with me to-night?

Diamond. I don't want to see a ship sunk.

North Wind. But suppose I had to take you?

Diamond. Why, then, of course I must go.

North Wind. There's a good Diamond. Come, I'm waiting for you.

[*The North Wind lifts Diamond gently and flies away with him.*]

Diamond (fearfully). Oh, the wind looks so dreadful, and it pushes me about so!

North Wind. Yes, it does, my dear. That is what it was sent for. But I will keep you in front of me. You will feel the wind, but not too much.

I shall want only one arm to take care of you; the other will be quite enough to sink the ship.

Diamond. Oh, dear North Wind! how can you talk so?

North Wind. I never talk. I mean what I say.

Diamond. Then do you mean to sink the ship with the other hand?

North Wind. Yes.

Diamond. It's not like you.

North Wind. How do you know that?

Diamond. Quite easily. Here you are taking care of a little boy with one arm, and there you are sinking a ship with the other. It can't be like you. I can't believe it. I don't believe it. I won't believe it. How could you put on such a beautiful face if you did not love all people? You may sink as many ships as you like, and I won't say another word. I can't say I shall like to see it, you know.

North Wind. That's quite another thing.

Diamond (*thinking it seems very quiet*). Is the storm over, North Wind?

North Wind. No. I am only waiting a moment to set you down. You would not like to see the ship sunk, and I am going to give you a place to stop in till I come back for you.

Diamond. Oh, thank you. I shall be sorry to leave you, North Wind, but I would rather not see the ship go down. And I'm afraid the poor people will cry, and I should hear them. Oh, dear!

North Wind. There are a good many passengers on board; and, to tell the truth, Diamond, I don't care about your hearing the cry you speak of. I am afraid you would not get it out of your little head again for a long time.

Diamond. But how can you bear it, then, North Wind? For I am sure you are kind. I shall never doubt that again.

North Wind. I will tell you how I am able to bear it, Diamond. I am always hearing — through every noise, through all the noise I am making myself, even — the sound of a far-off song. I do not exactly know where it is, or what it means; and I don't hear much of it; but what I do hear is quite enough to make me able to bear the cry from the sinking ship. So it would you if you could hear it.

Diamond. No, it wouldn't. For *they* wouldn't hear the music of the far-away song; and if they did, it wouldn't do them any good. You see, you and I are not going to be drowned, and so *we* might enjoy it.

North Wind. But you never heard the psalm, and you don't know what it is like. Somehow — I can't say how — it tells me that all is right.

Diamond. But that won't do them any good — the people, I mean.

North Wind. It must! It must! It wouldn't be the song it seems to be if it did not swallow up all their fear and pain, too, and set them singing it

themselves with the rest. I am sure it will. But this will never do. Will you stop here?

Diamond. I can't see anywhere to stop.

North Wind. Look, then.

[*With one great sweep of her right arm North Wind brushes away the great curtain of darkness, and Diamond sees the gray towers of a cathedral.*]

Diamond (terrified). Oh! what's that?

North Wind. A very good place for you to wait in. But we shall go in, and you shall judge for yourself.

[*North Wind sets Diamond down upon a narrow gallery high up inside the cathedral.*]

North Wind. What are you trembling for, little Diamond?

Diamond. I am afraid of falling down there. It is so deep down.

North Wind. Yes, rather, but you were a hundred times higher a few minutes ago.

Diamond. Yes, but I'm walking on my own legs, and they might slip.

North Wind. But I have a hold of you, I tell you, foolish child.

Diamond. Yes, but somehow I can't feel comfortable.

North Wind. If you were to fall, and my hold of you were to give way, I should be down after you

in a less moment than a lady's watch can tick, and catch you long before you reached the ground.

Diamond. I don't like it, though. (*Screaming.*) Oh! oh! oh! Why have you left me, North Wind?

North Wind. Because I want you to walk alone and try to be brave. And I really must be going about my work.

Diamond. Oh, the poor ship! I wish you would stay here, and let the poor ship go.

North Wind. That I dare not do. Will you stay here till I come back?

Diamond. Yes. You won't be long?

North Wind. Not longer than I can help. Trust me, you shall get home before the morning.

[*In a moment North Wind has gone, and Diamond hears a great roaring of wind about the church. He feels his way down the stairs and lies down on the steps of the chancel, facing the big stained-glass windows, just now beautifully lighted by the moon. These windows have large pictures of the Apostles in stained glass.*]

St. Matthew. How comes he to be lying there, St. Peter?

St. Peter. I think I saw him awhile ago up in the gallery, under the Nicodemus window. Perhaps he has fallen down. What do you think, St. Matthew?

St. Matthew. I don't think he could have crept

here after falling from such a height. He must have been killed.

St. Peter. What are we to do with him? We can't leave him lying there. And we could not make him comfortable up here in the window; it's rather crowded already. What do you say, St. Thomas?

St. Thomas. Let's go down and look at him.

St. Matthew. What is the matter with him, St. Luke?

St. Luke. There's nothing the matter with him. He's in a sound sleep.

St. Thomas. I have it. This is one of North Wind's tricks. She has caught him up and dropped him at our door, like a withered leaf. I don't understand that woman's conduct, I must say.

St. Luke. She should consider that a church is not a place for pranks, not to mention that *we* live in it.

St. Peter. It certainly is disrespectful of her. But she always is disrespectful. What right has she to bang at our windows as she has been doing the whole of this night? I dare say there is glass broken somewhere. I know my blue robe is in a dreadful mess with the rain first and the dust after. It will cost me shillings to clean it.

Diamond. North Wind knows best what she is about. She has a good right to blow the cobwebs from your windows, for she was sent to do it. She

sweeps them away from grander places, I can tell you, for I've been with her at it.

[*Just as Diamond says the last words, he awakes and finds that he has been asleep in the summer-house.*]

Gardener. Hallo, little man! What woke you out of your nap?

Diamond. Because the sham Apostles talked such nonsense, they waked me up.

Gardener (staring at him). You must have been dreaming. But look here. See how the North Wind is breaking off the branches of this tree. What a pity! I wish we lived at the back of it, I'm sure.

Diamond. Where is that? I never heard of the place.

Gardener. I dare say not, but if this tree had been there, it would not have had its branches broken, for there is no wind there.

Diamond (to himself). I will ask North Wind next time I see her to take me to that country. I think she did speak about it once before.

From "At the Back of the North Wind," by George Macdonald
(adapted).



MAGGIE TULLIVER'S VISIT TO THE GYPSIES

Maggie Tulliver was so vexed with her brother Tom that she had decided that she would run away to the gypsies, and that Tom should never see her again. She thought of her father as she ran along, and she decided to send him a letter by a small gypsy, telling him that she was well and happy. Suddenly, as she passed a bend in the road, she came upon the gypsy tents. A young woman with a baby in her arm walked to meet her.

<i>Characters</i>	{	Old Gypsy (woman)
		Young Gypsy (woman)
		Leader of the Gypsies (man)
		Maggie Tulliver
		Mr. Tulliver

Young Gypsy. My little lady, where are you going to?

Maggie. Not any farther; I've come to stay with you, please.

Young Gypsy. That's pretty; come, then. Why, what a nice little lady you are, to be sure! (*Taking Maggie up to the fire where the other gypsies are.*)

Old Gypsy. What, my pretty lady, are you come to stay with us? Sit ye down, and tell us where you come from.

Maggie. I'm come from home because I'm unhappy, and I mean to be a gypsy. I'll live with you,

if you like, and I can teach you a great many things.

Young Gypsy. Such a clever little lady, and such a pretty bonnet and frock! (*Taking off Maggie's bonnet.*)

Maggie. I don't want to wear a bonnet. I'd rather wear a red handkerchief like yours. My hair was quite long till yesterday, when I cut it off; but I dare say it will grow again very soon.

Old Gypsy. Oh, what a nice little lady! And rich, I'm sure! Didn't you live in a beautiful house at home?

Maggie. Yes, my home is pretty, and I'm fond of the river, where we go fishing; but I'm often very unhappy. I should have liked to bring my books with me, but I came away in a hurry, you know. But I can tell you almost everything there is in my books. I've read them so many times — and that will amuse you. And I can tell you something about Geography, too, — that's about the world we live in, — very useful and interesting. Did you ever hear about Columbus?

[*While Maggie has been talking, the gypsies have been emptying her pocket, without attracting her attention.*]

Old Gypsy. Is Columbus where you live, my little lady?

Maggie. Oh, no! Columbus was a very wonder-

ful man, who found out half the world, and they put chains on him and treated him badly, you know — but perhaps it's rather long to tell before tea. *I want my tea so!*

Young Gypsy. Why, she's hungry, poor little lady. Give her some o' the cold victual. You've been walking a good way, I'll be bound, my dear. Where's your home?

Maggie. It's Dorlcote Mill, a good way off. My father is Mr. Tulliver; but we mustn't let him know where I am, else he'll fetch me home again. Where does the queen of the gypsies live?

Young Gypsy. What! do you want to go to her, my little lady?

Maggie. No, I'm only thinking that if she isn't a very good queen, you might be glad when she died, and you could choose another. If I was queen, I'd be a very good queen, and kind to everybody.

Old Gypsy. Here's a bit of nice victual, then. (*Handing Maggie a lump of dry bread and a piece of cold bacon.*)

Maggie. Thank you, but will you give me some bread and butter and tea instead? I don't like bacon.

Old Gypsy (scowling). We've got no tea nor butter.

Maggie. Oh, a little bread and treacle will do.

Old Gypsy (crossly). We ha'n't got no treacle.

[*Leader of the Gypsies enters.*]

Young Gypsy (to Leader). This nice little lady's come to live with us; aren't you glad?

Leader. Aye, very glad. (*Handling Maggie's silver thimble.*)

Old Gypsy (seeing that Maggie is frightened). We've got nothing nice for a lady to eat, and she's so hungry, sweet little lady.

Young Gypsy. Here, my dear, try if you can eat a bit o' this. (*Handing her some stew.*)

Maggie (aside). Oh, if father would only come, or Jack the Giant-killer, or somebody! I'm so afraid they'll kill me!

Young Gypsy. What! you don't like the smell of it, my dear? Try a bit, come.

Maggie. No, thank you, I haven't time, I think. It seems to be getting darker. I think I must go home now, and come again another day, and then I can bring you a basket with some jam tarts and nice things.

Old Gypsy. Stop a bit, stop a bit, little lady; we'll take you home, all safe, when we've done supper. You shall ride home, like a lady.

Leader. Now, then, little missis, tell us where you live. What's the name o' the place?

Maggie (eagerly). Dorlcote Mill is my home. My father is Mr. Tulliver — he lives there.

Leader. What! a big mill a little way this side o' St. Ogg's?

Maggie. Yes. Is it far off? I think I should like to walk there, if you please.

Leader. No, no, it'll be getting dark. We must make haste. And the donkey'll carry you as nice as can be—you'll see.

Young Gypsy. Here's your pretty bonnet; and you'll say we've been very good to you, won't you, and what a nice little lady we said you were?

Maggie. Oh, yes, thank you. I'm very much obliged to you. But I wish you'd go with me, too.

Young Gypsy. Ah! you're fondest o' me, aren't you? But I can't go; you'll go too fast for me.

[*The Leader of the Gypsies puts Maggie before him on the donkey's back and rides off. When they reach a crossroad, Maggie sees some one coming on a white-faced horse.*]

Maggie. Oh, stop, stop! There's my father! Oh, father, father!

Mr. Tulliver. Why, what's the meaning o' this?

Leader. The little miss lost herself, I reckon. She'd come to our tent at the far end o' Dunlow Lane, and I was bringing her where she said her home was. It's a good way to come after being on the tramp all day.

Maggie. Oh, yes, father, he's been very good to bring me home. A very kind, good man!

Mr. Tulliver. Here, then, my man. (*Giving him five shillings.*) It's the best day's work you ever

did. I couldn't afford to lose the little wench ; here, lift her up before me. Why, Maggie, how's this — how's this? Don't cry, little one. How came you to be rambling about and lose yourself?

Maggie (sobbing). Oh, father, I ran away because I was so unhappy. Tom was so angry with me. I couldn't bear it.

Mr. Tulliver. Pooh! pooh! You mustn't think of running away from father. What 'ud father do without his little wench?

Maggie. Oh, no, I never will again, father — never!

From "Mill on the Floss," by George Eliot (adapted).

SCENES FROM "A LITTLE MAID OF CONCORD TOWN"

PLACE: *Concord, Mass.*

TIME: *Just before the battle of Lexington.*

SCENE I

Debby Parlin ran up the hill with a pail of milk and a loaf of brown bread. On the summit she stopped to take breath and look off, and down upon the valley, through which wound the Old Bay Road. All her soul was filled with bitterness, as she thought of all that Concord was enduring.

<i>Characters</i>	{	Simon, Debby's cousin
		Debby's Aunt Sophia
		Miss Keziah Felton
		Debby Parlin

Debby. I wish the Regulars would come this blessed minute, and have done with all this watching and waiting for them! Let King George do his worst; he will see what we are made of! Oh, I hate old King George!

[*An old bent woman, looking like a witch, steps out from the bushes at the side of the road.*]

Debby. Oh, Miss Keziah! how do you do to-day, and how is Mr. Felton?

Miss Keziah. Oh, Septimius is well enough. As long as he can sit with his nose in a book, he will do from day's in to day's out. But well, well, as he is to be a minister, we must let him be, and thank the Lord it's no worse. But hark ye, my pretty, don't deceive me with your fine speeches and your neighboring ways. I heard what you said about our good king. Don't think an old woman's ears are heavy. Besides, the birds will tell it, the birds will tell it (*waving her long, skinny hands*), and every leaf will whisper it. Keep your tongue safe locked in your head, child, where every woman's should be; for the times are troublous, an' may the Lord bless us all!

Debby. But I do hate old King George, Miss Keziah, and I should be a sinful girl not to say the truth. Oh! he's a bad wicked man, — I can't help it if he is a king, — torturing us poor people and starving us, and sending soldiers to fight us. You know he's bad; and you ought to hate him, too!

Miss Keziah. Tush, tush, child! Never let a word escape you like that again. Why, the Reg'lars would burn your house about your ears an' kill you. Oh, lackaday! An' that's to be our fate — all of us, mayhap.

Debby. No, it isn't, Miss Keziah; I tell you we'll fight 'em to skin and bone. And we'll make those redcoats run. Every single one in old

Concord will fight, and we'll show them we're not afraid of 'em a bit.

Miss Keziah (scornfully). Pretty child, oh, what a paltry thing for safety we have! You'll see when the Reg'lars really come! Ah, like an infant in the mother's arms, you babble and coo of safety when the skies are red with blood that is to drop on this path before us, like dew from the wings of the morning.

Debby (shivering, but courageous). And there will be two kinds of blood to run, Miss Keziah; and the old Britishers will get the worst of it. (*Taking up her pail and bread.*) And I despise people who talk as you do; you're most as bad as Tory Lee!

[*Debby runs away over the fields to a little red farmhouse. She goes into the kitchen and sets down the pail and loaf of bread upon the table.*]

Debby. Mother sent these.

Aunt Sophia. Why, Debby, what's the matter, child? Dear, dear, you are clean tired out! And how is sister Ruhama?

Debby. I'm not tired, but I've had things said to me that are hard to bear. Where are the boys?

Aunt Sophia. Had things hard to bear said to you? And what are they, Debby, child?

Debby. Oh, dreadful things. Where are the boys, aunt?

Aunt Sophia. I don't know. Simon went out



after bringing in the wood, and I doubt not that Jabez is with him, busy about something. Sit down an' rest yourself, Debby, an' tell me how things are at home.

[But Debby rushes out to the wood shed, where she finds her Cousin Simon.]

Simon (hiding something behind his back). Oh! it's you, Debby, I thought it was mother, an' I didn't want to scare her.

Debby (seeing the musket he has been cleaning). You're getting ready to fight, Simon. Oh, how perfectly splendid!

Simon. Yes, I am. An' I don't care how soon it comes, either, after I get this old gun ready. And Jabez is up in the barn loft cleaning his.

Debby. Has Jabez got a musket, too? Where *did* you get 'em, Simon? Oh, Simon, if I were only a boy! Do let me take it in my hand just a minute.

Simon. Well, you're not a boy, an' you never will be. (*Rubbing his gunstock.*) There's going to be an awful time, Debby; it's a-coming sure.

Debby. I know it; and that's what I want to help for. Oh, Simon, don't you suppose they'll let us girls do something?

Simon. Not to fight. Old Concord won't be pushed so hard that she'll let the women and the girls fight. We'll take care of you all, Debby.

Debby (petulantly). I don't want to be taken care of. I want to fight the Britishers and old King George myself. Oh! it's mean I'm nothing but a girl.

Simon (importantly). There's to be a town meeting to-day. I s'pose you know, Debby.

Debby (scornfully). Don't I know it?

Simon. Uncle John is going to town meeting, of course.

Debby. Of course; he was up to Mr. Wood's last night talking it all over.

Simon. It's time for us to strike if we're ever goin' to stand up for ourselves.

Debby. I should think our country would want the girls to do something for her.

Simon. Well, she doesn't; for we men can take care of you.

Debby. You are always talking of our being taken care of, Simon. That isn't the least what I want. I just long to do something myself for my own country, and to fight for her. It isn't fair to give it all to the boys. Our country belongs to everybody, the women and the girls, the same as to the men. And the time will come when it'll be nice and respectable for us to help, just the same's if we were boys; so there! I'm going to fight for my country the very first chance I get.

Simon (scornfully). Well, you'd be drummed out of service as soon as you got in. We don't

have petticoats in old Concord Town for soldiers, I can tell you, Debby Parlin.

Debby. Well, I'm going up to Persis Wood's; I've got to spin with her. So I shall hear all about town meeting and everything else before you do, Mr. Simon. I get no satisfaction out of you at all this morning. You won't even tell me where you got your guns.

Simon. Oh, didn't I tell you? Well, that's because I was so full of business getting the old thing ready. Abner Butterfield got 'em for us.

Debby. Abner Butterfield! Goodness me, Simon, what are you talking about? The idea of Abner Butterfield having anything to do with guns and fighting. Why, he wouldn't know nor care if there were to be ten thousand wars; he'd stand stock-still and not know till it was all over.

Simon. That's where you wrong Abner. Because he's quiet an' doesn't talk about how he feels, folks don't see him as he is.

Debby. He does vex me so, Simon; he's so big and slow. But I'm astonished that he'd do anything like the rest of us Concord folks, to show that we can't be ground down to the dust at the bidding of a foolish and wicked king.

Simon. When the time comes, Debby Parlin, Abner Butterfield will fight as well and as long as anybody else. You'll find that out. He won't give up till he's dead.

Debby. Fiddlestrings, Simon. O dear me; well, I mustn't stay any longer; I ought to be at Mrs. Wood's this blessed minute. The idea of wasting my time over Abner Butterfield!

Simon. I don't see why you don't start.

Debby. But, Simon, you're right. There's an awful time a-coming. And I'm glad of it, for it's best to get it over with. At any rate, Simon, if we girls can't fight, we can talk and pray.

Simon. Yes, there's an awful lot o' prayin' been goin' on in this town.

Debby. Simon, I believe we *can't* be beaten. You see, God couldn't allow it very well, after getting us over here and promising to take care of us, and keeping us along till this time. So I know we shall be free and independent! Oh, Simon, after all we have suffered in this town, and in all the other towns, to think of relief coming! It's been so long, now. Our one thought from morning till night has been, what shall we do — what can we do — to bring things right? We cannot give up like slaves; we can only die. Simon, why don't you say something?

Simon. Because I can't. (*Touching his throat.*) It gets too full up here, when I try to speak about it. Seems as if I should choke.

Debby. It's been so many years, now, since I've heard nothing else. Why, I was such a little girl, Simon, that I don't remember when I didn't hear it almost all day long.

Simon. I guess we can all say the same thing.

Debby. I know it. Of course we've all grown up on it. And do you suppose that the talking and praying of all these years is going to be wasted, Simon?

Simon (vigorously). No, I don't!

Debby. No, no, no; all the prayers are not to be wasted. Poverty and suffering—oh, Simon, what haven't we suffered holding on to our principles?

Simon (clutching his musket). If you talk like that, I'll forget my principles an' go an' fight those infernal redcoats before it's time. Do I forget *her*, Debby Parlin? (*Pointing towards the kitchen.*) She's dying by inches because she can't get good food to sustain her. Do I forget how the worry to keep out of debt killed father, an' left Jabez an' me with a load on our shoulders of interest on the mortgage that we can't pay, an' that is eating us up? *Remember?* Can I ever *forget*?

Debby (frightened). Well, so long as we have got such men to take care of matters as there are in this town, I think everything will be right. We are law-abiding people, you know, Simon. And we can't be beaten if we don't run. And it's something to be proud of that we've never been afraid yet, but we've said what we thought we ought to. So Concord has been heard from.

Simon. She's always been heard from, and she'll be listened to when she speaks, finally.

SCENE II

One afternoon, on the Old Bay Road, at the outskirts of Concord Town, a British spy, in the disguise of an old man, asked permission to rest beside a cottage door. He had been sent out by the British officers to learn all that he could of the spirit of the colonists. The children playing beside the door ran to ask their mother if he could not come into the kitchen.

<i>Characters</i>	{	Mrs. Woodward	} Mrs. Woodward's children
		Old Man	
		Nancy	
		Susan	
		Jonas	

Mrs. Woodward. Yes, good man, come in. Nancy, set a chair. Susan, don't get in his way so. Here, Jonas, give him your arm.

Old Man. You are very good; these be troublous times, and I did not know that I should find so much kindness.

Mrs. Woodward. Troublous the times may be, and you may well say so, but that's no reason why we shouldn't look well to the poor within our gates. I'm sorry for you. How far have you come?

Old Man (feebly). Quite a piece — quite a piece, — so far I disremember.

Mrs. Woodward. You must be very tired and hungry. May the Lord forgive me for not thinking of it sooner. I will make you a cup of tea.

Old Man. Thank the Lord you have tea to give

me. 'Twould rest my bones more than to take ten years off from them to get an honest cup of English tea.

Mrs. Woodward (angrily). English tea! Who are you to come to Concord Town and talk of English tea? Never a drop can you get here to wet your throat. You may search from one end of the place to the other. No, we drink nothing that is mixed by tyrants, and stamped by a wicked Parliament.

Jonas. Don't scold him, mother; see him shake. He's old, and he didn't know any better.

Mrs. Woodward. You must excuse me, sir; but I'm sore worked up indeed to think that you'd believe for a moment that a house in Concord Town could hold that wicked king's tea. Here, drink this, poor man; it will rest you, for it is an honest cup, brewed in the spirit of liberty.

Old Man. I am better now. I need no tea.

Mrs. Woodward. Yes, you must drink it. You are beaten with your journey. You will say that it makes you well, when once it is down.

Old Man (taking just a sip). It is excellent — excellent; but my stomach is weak — loss of food, dear madam — my long walk. Pardon me.

Susan. He's hungry, mother, don't you understand? Do get him something to eat, quick.

Mrs. Woodward. I'm sure I will give him something to stay his hunger. (*Bringing some corn bread.*) Here is the best I have.

Old Man (shaking his head feebly). Could one of your little ones put the bits into my mouth?

Mrs. Woodward. You poor soul, yes, though I wish you would take the herb tea; 'twould bring you to.

Susan. Let me feed him — let me.

Nancy. I want to.

Jonas. You can't either of you do it straight. I shall do it myself.

[*The children begin to quarrel.*]

Mrs. Woodward (boxing their ears). Naughty children! to fight and quarrel so when we are all in such trouble, and this poor man may be dying before us.

Jonas. Ma, Susan's eaten the corn bread!

Mrs. Woodward. You bad girl, and you had two whole slices for dinner. Here, Jonas, you may feed the poor old man. How you children can be so naughty, I don't see, when we are all in such trouble.

Old Man. You speak of trouble so often, my good woman. (*To Jonas.*) Not such big pieces, please, and don't feed me fast. I am an old man, and I can't eat very fast.

Jonas. You've got all your teeth.

[*The stranger closes his mouth quickly.*]

Jonas (whispering to his mother). I don't want to feed him, mother; he's awful slow and queer.

Mrs. Woodward. He's very old. We must pity the infirmities of the aged, my son. See, he's nodding; he'll go off to sleep, most likely. You children can run out to play.

Old Man (apparently waking from a doze). I must have lost myself. Oh, welladay! my poor limbs were all tired out. You spoke of trouble, my good woman; and have you seen trouble? You seem comfortable.

Mrs. Woodward (wrathfully). Where have you been, not to know the trouble and sore distress of our Colonies? Have you been asleep all these past years, not to have discovered it? The idea of coming to Concord Town and asking me this question! Well, since you don't seem to know, I will tell you that that wicked King George has left no stone unturned by which he might oppress us. He and his wicked Parliament are determined to crush us, but they can't do it.

Old Man. You surely do not mean to oppose the king!

Mrs. Woodward. Oppose? Aye, we do. We'll fight him to the death. There isn't a man in Concord Town who won't do it.

Old Man (horrified). What! fight your king?

Mrs. Woodward (angrily). Our king! We know no king but God. The king you call ours is a despot, and has treated us like slaves. We have obeyed him, been loyal to him, and loved him,—

now don't talk, you're too old, — and still he crushes us to the earth. Nothing now remains for us but slavery. Fight? You shall see how we will fight when the time comes. Bless God, it's coming soon, we pray.

Old Man (amazed). You wouldn't have your husband go to battle, would you?

Mrs. Woodward. I wouldn't have him *not* go. And if the men can't whip the British enslavers, we women and girls will all turn out. Where have you been, not to know this without asking, pray tell?

Old Man. I'm very old and poor and tired. I pray you to forgive me if I make mistakes.

Mrs. Woodward. No matter how sick and poor and troubled we be, we're all for fighting. Now you ought to hear Debby Parlin talk.

Old Man. You were speaking of one of your relatives?

Mrs. Woodward. She's no kin to me, but I wish she was. Don't you know Debby Parlin? Why, everybody knows her. She lives down this Old Bay Road in a little cottage against the Ridge.

Old Man. You forget I do not live in this village.

Mrs. Woodward. Seem's if everybody ought to know Debby Parlin. Well, her father's gone off, no living mortal knows where. The trouble we've all been in has probably gone to his head. Land! I

wouldn't want to fight that girl if I was a British soldier.

Old Man. You interest me very much. And you make me forget my own troubles to hear you, my good woman.

Mrs. Woodward. Well, it's a sight to make a body cry, to see that girl; why, she goes out spinning or weaving, or doing anything she can turn her hand to, and all the townsfolk have her come and help 'em. Everybody loves Debby. O dear, dear! and we can't help her much, 'cause we're all as poor as Job's turkeys.

Old Man (rising). I must get on a piece now. Thank you kindly, my good woman; I won't forget you ever.

Mrs. Woodward. You're welcome. Let me help you. I'm sure I wish I had better to give you, but it's all we've got ourselves. At any rate, it's honest food, and it don't belong to slaves, for we're bound to be free. Don't you fail to remember that. I'm glad I've seen you, and may the Lord help you on your way. .

From "A Little Maid of Concord Town," by Margaret Sidney
(adapted).



THE DESTRUCTION OF TREASURE VALLEY

In one of the mountain districts between Austria and Hungary there was, in old time, a surprisingly rich valley surrounded by steep mountain peaks. From these peaks a number of torrents fell in cataracts. But, though none of these streams fell into the valley itself, there was so much rain in the valley, its crops were so heavy, its apples so red, its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet that it was called the Treasure Valley. The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans were good farmers ; but they were such cruel, selfish men that every one called them the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was a twelve-year-old boy ; fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing ; but his elder brothers did not treat him kindly.

One very wet summer the farmers in the country round about had poor crops, but everything in the Treasure Valley prospered. Everybody came to the Black Brothers to buy corn, and went away cursing, because Schwartz and Hans asked such high prices and refused to give anything to the very poor people, who could only beg.

One very cold, wet day, when it was drawing towards winter, the two elder brothers went out with their usual warning to little Gluck, — who was left to mind the roast, — not to let anybody in or give away anything.

SCENE I

PLACE: *Black Brothers' kitchen*

<i>Characters</i>	{	Gluck
		Old Gentleman (Southwest Wind)
		Schwartz
		Hans

Gluck (sitting close to the fire and turning the meat on the spit). What a pity my brothers never ask anybody to dinner! I'm sure when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them.

[*Heavy knocking at the door.*]

Gluck. It must be the wind; nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door.

[*Gluck looks out the window and sees a little old gentleman with long hair, merry eyes, and a mustache twisted like a corkscrew. He is dressed in an enormous black cloak.*]

Old Gentleman. Hello! That's not the way to answer the door. I'm wet, — let me in.

Gluck. I beg your pardon, sir, I'm very sorry, but I really can't.

Old Gentleman. Can't what?

Gluck. I can't let you in, sir, — I can't, indeed.

My brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?

Old Gentleman (crossly). Want! I want fire and shelter; and there is your great fire there, crackling, blazing, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself.

Gluck. He *does* look very wet; I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour. Come in, sir.

Old Gentleman. That's a good boy. Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them.

Gluck. Pray, sir, don't do any such thing. I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me.

Old Gentleman. Dear me, I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?

Gluck. Only till the mutton's done, sir, and it's very brown now. Sit down by the fire, sir. You'll soon dry there, sir. I beg pardon, sir, mayn't I take your cloak; it seems to be dripping wet.

Old Gentleman. No, thank you.

Gluck. Your cap, sir?

Old Gentleman (gruffly). I am all right, thank you.

Gluck (hesitatingly). But — sir — I'm — very sorry; but — really, sir — you're — putting the fire out, you're so very wet.

Old Gentleman. It'll take longer to do the mutton, then. That mutton looks very nice. Can't you give me a little bit?

Gluck. Impossible, sir.

Old Gentleman. I'm very hungry. I've had nothing to eat yesterday nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!

Gluck. They promised me one slice to-day, sir. I can give you that, but not a bit more.

Old Gentleman. That's a good boy.

Gluck (aside, cutting a piece of the meat). I don't care if I do get beaten for it. Oh! some one's knocking.

[*He runs to open the door, and Schwartz and Hans enter.*]

Schwartz. What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?

Hans. Aye, what for, indeed, you little vagabond!

Schwartz. Bless my soul!

Old Gentleman (bowing very fast). Amen!

Schwartz (catching up a rolling pin). Who's that?

Gluck. I don't know, indeed, brother.

Schwartz (shouting). How did he get in?

Gluck. My dear brother, he was so *very* wet!

Schwartz. Who are you, sir?

Hans (snarling). What's your business?

Old Gentleman. I'm a poor old man, sir; and I saw your fire through the window and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour.

Schwartz. Have the goodness to walk out again, then. We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying house.

Old Gentleman. It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs.

Hans. Aye! There are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!

Old Gentleman. I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?

Schwartz. Bread, indeed! Do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?

Hans. Why don't you sell the feather in your hat? Out with you!

Old Gentleman. A little bit!

Schwartz. Be off!

Old Gentleman. Pray, gentlemen!

Hans. Off, and be hanged!

[*As soon as Hans touches the Old Gentleman's cloak, the queer old fellow begins to spin round and round, faster and faster, hitting Hans and Schwartz and sending them flying into the corners of the room. At last, slapping his cap on his head, he whirls out of the room.*]

Old Gentleman. Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again. After such a refusal of hospitality as I have

just had, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you.

Schwartz (muttering). If I ever catch you here again — A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck. Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again — bless me, why, the mutton's been cut!

Gluck. You promised me one slice, brother, you know.

Schwartz. Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir, and have the kindness to wait in the coal cellar till I call you!

SCENE II

TIME: *Midnight*

Schwartz (starting up in bed). What's that noise?

Old Gentleman. Only I.

Schwartz. Hans! the room's full of water!

Hans. The roof's gone!

Old Gentleman. Sorry to incommode you. I'm afraid your beds are dampish. Perhaps you had better go to your brother's room; I've left the ceiling on there. You'll find my card on the kitchen table! Remember, this is the *last* visit!

Schwartz. Pray Heaven it may!

At dawn the brothers found the Treasure Valley one mass of ruin. The water had swept everything away. On their kitchen

table was a small white card, on which, in large, breezy, long-legged letters were the words : —

Southwest Wind

From "The King of the Golden River," by John Ruskin (adapted).



(92) "HE STOLE CAUTIOUSLY TO THE BED OF OLD STRAW"

LITTLE COSETTE AND "FATHER CHRISTMAS"

Little Cosette was thin and wan. She was only eight years old, and yet she was a little maid-of-all-work at the inn of Montfermeil. Mother Thenardier and her husband, who kept the inn, treated her very cruelly. She seldom had enough to eat, she was always ragged, and her bony little body was often covered with bruises, where the landlord and his wife had beaten her for some trifling offense.

One Christmas Eve Mother Thenardier gave Cosette a fifteen-sous piece and told her to go to the spring for water, and to buy a loaf of bread on the way home. It was very dark, and Cosette was afraid. In her haste she bent too far over the spring, and the silver piece slipped out of her pocket into the water. As she stumbled along the dark road with the heavy bucket of water, suddenly a hand took the bucket from her.

SCENE I

PLACE: *The road to the spring*

TIME: *Christmas Eve*

Characters { Cosette
Traveler

Cosette (very weary and frightened). Heaven help me! Heaven help!

Traveler (taking hold of the bucket). My child, that is very heavy for you to carry.

Cosette. Yes, sir.

Traveler. Let me have it; I will carry it for you. Indeed it is heavy. What is your age, little one?

Cosette. I am eight years old, sir.

Traveler. Have you come far with this?

Cosette. From the spring in the woods.

Traveler. Were you going to take it far?

Cosette. It is a good quarter of an hour's walk.

Traveler. It does not look as if you had any mother.

Cosette. I do not know; I do not think I have. Everybody else has, but not me. I believe I never had such a thing.

Traveler. What is your name?

Cosette. Cosette.

Traveler. Where do you live, little girl?

Cosette. At Montfermeil; you know where that is.

Traveler. Is it there you are going?

Cosette. Yes, master.

Traveler. Who could have sent you at this hour to draw water in the woods?

Cosette. Our landlady, Madam Thenardier.

Traveler. What is she?

Cosette. She is my mistress. She keeps the village inn.

Traveler. The inn? Well, I shall take lodgings there to-night. Guide me.

Cosette. We are on the way.

Traveler. Is there no servant at this inn?

Cosette. No, master, I am alone there, — oh, I must not forget that there are two little girls, Ponine and Zelma.

Traveler. Who are they?

Cosette. Her daughters.

Traveler. What do they do?

Cosette. Oh, they do nothing, — just play with their pretty dolls, and toys that have shining gold on them, and they play and amuse themselves.

Traveler. All day?

Cosette. Yes, master.

Traveler. While you do the work?

Cosette (softly). All day long, yes, master. But I have some fun at times, when the work is done and they allow me.

Traveler. How do you have your fun?

Cosette. As I can. It is good enough if they will only let me alone. But I haven't any toys to speak of. Ponine and Zelma do not like me to play with their dollies. I have nothing but a sword, no longer than that. (*Holding up her little finger.*)

Traveler. I suppose that would not cut.

Cosette. Excuse me, master, it cuts salad up, and cuts off flies' heads.

Traveler. Are they holding a fair in this village?

Cosette. No, master, they are celebrating Father Christmas. Please, master —

Traveler. What?

Cosette. We are close to our house. Will you let me take the bucket now?

Traveler. Why?

Cosette. If mistress saw you carrying it, she would beat me.

SCENE II

PLACE : *The inn at Montfermeil*

TIME : *Christmas Eve*

<i>Characters</i>	{	Mother Thenardier
		Cosette
		Traveler
		Ponine Thenardier

[*As Cosette knocks at the inn door, she casts longing glances at a beautiful doll in a brilliantly lighted window of a shop next door.*]

Mother Thenardier (throwing the door open). Oh, is it you? You have taken your time! I suppose the little jade has been amusing herself.

Cosette (trembling). Mistress, here is a gentleman seeking a night's lodging.

Mother Thenardier. Is this the gentleman?

Traveler. Yes, madam.

Mother Thenardier. I am very sorry, but I have no room.

Traveler. Put me where you can, in the loft or the garret, — I shall pay the same as for a bedroom.

Mother Thenardier. That is forty sous.

Traveler. Let it be forty sous.

Mother Thenardier. That is all right, then. (*To Cosette.*) How about that bread?

Cosette. Please, madam, the baker's was shut.

Mother Thenardier. You ought to knock till he opened.

Cosette. I did knock, but he would not open.

Mother Thenardier. I shall learn to-morrow if that is true; and if you lie, you shall skip in a merry dance. Meanwhile, hand back the fifteen-sous piece. Do you mean to say you have lost it, or are you trying to steal it from me?

[*Mother Thenardier takes a whip and raises it to strike Cosette.*]

Cosette. Mercy, madam! I won't do it again!

Traveler. Excuse me, madam, but awhile ago I saw something fall from that child's clothes and roll over there. Perhaps this is what she dropped. (*Stooping and feeling along the floor.*) Right I am, — here it is!

Mother Thenardier. Yes, that is it. (*To Cosette.*) Let me catch you doing that again!

[*Cosette crawls under the table and begins knitting. Ponine and Zelma enter with their dolls.*]

Mother Thenardier (*seeing that Cosette has stopped her work*). Ah! Do I catch you idling? Is that

the way you get on with your work? I will keep time to your stitches with the whip!

Traveler. Never mind, madam; let her idle a little!

Mother Thenardier. She has to work if she expects to eat. I cannot feed her for nothing.

Traveler. What is she doing?

Mother Thenardier. Stockings,—stockings for my little daughters.

Traveler. How long will she be finishing that pair of stockings?

Mother Thenardier. That lazybones will be three or four days getting them done.

Traveler. What will they be worth when done?

Mother Thenardier. At least thirty sous.

Traveler. Will you sell them to me for five francs?

Mother Thenardier. Yes, sir, if you have a whim that way, you can have the stockings for five francs. We never refuse our customers anything, as long as it is money down.

Traveler. I buy this pair of stockings, and I pay cash. Now (*turning to Cosette*), your time is mine. Take a turn at romping, my child!

Cosette (trembling). Mistress, is this so? May I play a little?

Mother Thenardier (angrily). Play!

Cosette. Thank you, madam.

[*When no one is watching her, Cosette slyly takes Ponine's doll and begins to play with it under the table.*]

Ponine. Look, sister, only look!

Mother Thenardier (angrily). Cosette! Cosette!
(*Cosette crying.*)

Traveler. What is the matter?

Mother Thenardier. Can't you see?

Traveler. Well, what is it?

Mother Thenardier. She has taken the liberty of handling my daughter's doll.

Traveler. All that outcry for so little? Well, what harm, supposing she did handle the doll?

Mother Thenardier. She has touched it with her dirty hands, — with her nasty hands! (*Cosette cries louder.*)

Mother Thenardier. Will you hold your tongue?
[*The traveler steps outside quickly, and very soon returns with the big doll that Cosette has looked at so longingly in the shop window.*]

Traveler (to Cosette). Here, this is for you!

Mother Thenardier (aside). What is this odd fellow? That trash cost at least thirty francs! (*To Cosette in a bland tone.*) Well, dear Cosette, why do you not take your dolly? This gentleman gives you the doll. Take it — it is yours.

Cosette (timidly). May I, madam?

Mother Thenardier. Of course, since it is your own. The gentleman gave it to you.

Cosette. Is that so, master? Is it true; is the lady mine? I shall call her Catherine. Madam, may I set her on a chair?

Mother Thenardier. I don't mind.

Traveler. Play, Cosette.

Cosette (shyly). Oh, I am playing.

Mother Thenardier (aside). The old beast! To come here and upset us! to want that little toad to play! to give her dolls, — dolls that cost forty francs! (*To Traveler.*) May I have your kind permission to send Cosette to bed; she is very tired this day.

[*After the traveler went to his room he stole cautiously to the bed of old straw where Cosette was lying, in the midst of broken bottles, dust, and spiders' webs. In the darkest corner of the old fireplace he found little Cosette's wooden shoe, coated with ashes and dried mud. The traveler stooped and dropped a gold piece into the clumsy little shoe.*]

SCENE III

PLACE: *The inn kitchen.*

TIME: *Christmas morning.*

<i>Characters</i>	{	Traveler
		Cosette
		Mother Thenardier
		Monsieur Thenardier

Mother Thenardier (to Traveler, who has just come from his room). Up so early!

Traveler. Yes, madam, I must be going.

Mother Thenardier. Then you have no business here?

Traveler. No, I am only passing through. Are you doing well here?

Mother Thenardier. Oh, sir, the times are hard! We have such heavy taxes to pay! Why, look at our burden — Cosette, for instance, who costs the very eyes out of our head!

Traveler. How would you like it if some one took her off your hands?

Mother Thenardier. Is it true that you will take her away?

Traveler. I will and right away. Call the child.

Mother Thenardier (screaming). Cosette!

Traveler. Go, fetch the little one.

Monsieur Thenardier (entering the room). I want to talk a little with the gentleman. Master, I am bound to own to you that I adore that darling.

Traveler (looking steadily at him). What darling?

Monsieur Thenardier. This is a child that I adore!

Traveler. Who are you talking about?

Monsieur Thenardier. Why, our little pet of a Cosette, of course! Did you not talk of wanting to take her away? I can never consent to it. I should miss the little dear. It is true that she costs us a lot of money, and has some faults, and we are not well off; but one must do something for sweet charity's sake! I love her, and so does my wife,

though she is a trifle hasty. You understand? Supposing that I should let her go, I should want to know where she went. I should have to know with whom she was living. I shall have to see some document, an address-card, or a corner of a passport, eh?

Traveler. Master Thenardier, there is no need for a man to get a passport to come out of Paris a few miles. If I take Cosette with me, I take her — that is all. You are not to know my name or dwelling, nor where she will be, and my intention is that she shall never see you again in life. Does that suit you? Yes or no?

Monsieur Thenardier. Sir, I want fifteen hundred francs!

Traveler (laying three bank notes on the table). Bid Cosette come here.

[*As Cosette enters the room the traveler opens a bundle of child's clothing.*]

Traveler. Take these, my child, and put them on. Be quick!

Cosette (softly). Father Christmas!

Early Christmas morning the villagers saw little Cosette, with her pink doll in her arms, walking through the village with a poorly clad old fellow, to whom the little girl looked up trustingly now and then. She felt that "Father Christmas" was walking by her side.

From "Les Misérables," by Victor Hugo (adapted).

Thenardier — Tā nar de ā. Montfermeil — Mon fêr mā ē.

SCENES FROM "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN"

Abel Fletcher was a Quaker, and the tanner of an English village called Norton Bury. One day when he was wheeling his lame son Phineas, a boy of sixteen, they came upon John Halifax, another boy about fourteen years old, standing in one of the quiet streets, apparently in deep thought.

SCENE I

<i>Characters</i>	{	Abel Fletcher
		Phineas Fletcher
		John Halifax
		Jael, a servant

Abel Fletcher (looking at his watch). Twenty-three minutes lost by this shower. Phineas, my son, how am I to get thee safe home? Unless thou wilt go with me to the tan yard —

Phineas. No, father, I don't want to.

Abel Fletcher. Well, well, I must find some one to go home with thee. I must find some lad who wants to earn an honest penny.

John Halifax. Sir, I want work; may I earn the penny?

Abel Fletcher. What is thy name, lad?

John. John Halifax.



Abel Fletcher. Where dost thee come from?

John. Cornwall.

Abel Fletcher. Hast thee any parents living?

John. No.

Abel Fletcher. How old might thee be, John Halifax?

John. Fourteen, sir.

Abel Fletcher. Thee art used to work?

John. Yes.

Abel Fletcher. What sort of work?

John. Anything I can do.

Abel Fletcher. Well, thee shall take my son home, and I'll give thee a groat. Let me see (*looking sharply at him*)—art thee a lad to be trusted? I say, art thee a lad to be trusted? (*Nodding in a satisfied way.*) Lad, I shall give thee thy groat now.

John. Not till I've earned it, sir.

[*John Halifax starts down the street, wheeling Phineas in his carriage.*]

Phineas (sighing). How strong you are! So tall and so strong!

John. Am I? Well, I shall want my strength.

Phineas. How?

John. To earn my living.

Phineas. What have you worked at lately?

John. Anything I could get, for I have never learned a trade.

Phineas. Would you like to learn one?

John. Once I thought I should like to be what my father was.

Phineas. What was he?

John. A scholar and a gentleman.

Phineas. Then perhaps you would not like to follow a trade.

John. Yes, I should. What would it matter to me? My father was a gentleman.

Phineas. And your mother?

John. She is dead. I do not like to hear a stranger speak about my mother.

Phineas. Have you been up and down the country much?

John. A great deal these last three years, doing what I could in hop picking, apple gathering, harvesting — only this summer I had typhus fever and could not work.

Phineas. What did you do then?

John. I lay in a barn till I got well. I'm quite well now; you need not be afraid.

Phineas. No, indeed, I never thought of that. How shall you live in the winter, when there is no outdoor work to be had?

John. I don't know.

Phineas. Oh, here we are at home.

John. Are you? Good day, then — which means good-by.

Phineas. Not good-by just yet, for I shall have to ask you to help me mount the steps.

John. Suppose you let me carry you. I could — and — and — it would be great fun, you know. Now, is there anything more I can do for you, sir?

Phineas. Don't call me "sir." I am only a boy like yourself. I want you; don't go yet. Here comes my father.

Abel Fletcher. Hast thee taken care of my son? Did he give thee thy groat, my lad? (*Phineas whispers to his father.*) Lad, — I forget thy name, — here is thy money, and a shilling added, for being kind to my son.

John. Thank you, but I want payment only for work.

Abel Fletcher. Eh! thee art an odd lad; but I can't stay talking with thee. Come in to dinner, Phineas. (*Turning to John.*) I say, art thee hungry?

John. Very hungry — nearly starving!

Abel Fletcher. Bless me! Then get in and have thy dinner. But first — thee art a decent lad, come of decent parents?

John (indignantly). Yes!

Abel Fletcher. Thee works for thy living?

John. I do, whenever I can get it.

Abel Fletcher. Thee hast never been in jail?

John (angrily). No! I don't want your dinner, sir. I would have stayed, because your son asked me, and he was kind to me, and I liked him. Now I think I had better go. Good day, sir.

[*Phineas catches hold of John's hand.*]

Abel Fletcher. There, there, lads, get in, and make no more ado.

SCENE II

After dinner, when Mr. Fletcher had left the room, the two boys sat talking.

John. Now, how do you feel, and is there anything I can do for you before you go away?

Phineas. You won't go away, please, — not till my father comes home at least.

John. Thank you; you are very kind. I'll stay an hour or so, if you wish it.

Phineas. Now come and sit down and let us have a long talk.

John. Can you read?

Phineas. I should rather think so.

John. And write?

Phineas. Oh, yes, certainly.

John. I can't write, and I don't know when I shall be able to learn. I wish you would put down something in a book for me.

Phineas. That I will.

John (*taking a Testament from his pocket*). Look here.

Phineas (*reading from the fly leaf*). "Guy Halifax, his book. Guy Halifax, gentleman, married Muriel Joyce May 17, in the year of our Lord, 1779. John Halifax, their son, born June 18, 1780.

Guy Halifax died January 4, 1791." What shall I write, John?

John. Write "Muriel Halifax died January 1, 1794."

Phineas. Nothing more?

John. Nothing more. Phineas, I've had a merry day—thank you kindly for it; and now I'll be gone.

Phineas. Why do you want to go? You have not any work.

John. No; I wish I had. But I'll get some.

Phineas. How?

John. Just by trying everything that comes to hand. That's the only way. I never wanted bread, nor begged it yet, though I've often been rather hungry. And as for clothes (*looking down at his shabby garments*), I'm afraid *she* would be sorry—that's all. She always kept me so tidy.

Phineas. Come, cheer up. Who knows what may turn up?

John. Oh, yes, something always does; I'm not afraid.

Phineas. John, do you know you're uncommonly like a childish hero of mine—Dick Whittington. Did you ever hear of him?

John. No.

Phineas. Come into the garden, then. You'll hear the abbey bells chime presently—not unlike Bow bells, I used to fancy sometimes; and we'll lie

on the grass, and I'll tell you the whole true and particular story of Sir Richard Whittington. (*Taking up his crutches.*) You don't need these things.

John. I hope you will not need them always.

Phineas. Perhaps not; Dr. Jessop isn't sure. But it doesn't matter much.

John. I think, if you didn't mind, I'm sure I could carry you. I carried a meal-sack once, weighing eight stone.

Phineas (*laughing*). Please take me to that clematis arbor; it looks over the Avon. Now, how do you like our garden?

John. It's a nice place; it's a very nice place. Have you lived here long?

Phineas. Ever since I was born.

John. Well, it's a nice place. This grass plot is very even, — thirty yards square, I should guess. I'd get up and pace it, only I'm rather tired.

Phineas. Are you? Yet you would carry —

John. Oh, that's nothing. I've often walked farther than to-day. But still, it's a good step across the country since morning.

Phineas. How far have you come?

John. From the foot of those hills. I forget what they call them — over there. I have seen bigger ones; but they're steep enough, — bleak and cold too, especially when one is lying out among the sheep. At a distance they look pleasant. This is a very pretty view.

[*The abbey bells ring out.*]

What's that?

Phineas (*singing*). "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London." Probably this garden belonged to the abbey in ancient times, — our orchard is so fine. The monks may have planted it; they liked fruit.

John. Do you think they planted that yew hedge? That is all of fifteen feet high and nearly as thick. Why, it's a regular wall!

Phineas. What are you about? Did you want to get through?

John. I wanted just to see if it were possible.

Phineas. What would you do, John, if you were shut up here, and had to get over the yew hedge? You could not climb it.

John. I know that, and therefore I should not waste time in trying.

Phineas. Would you give up then?

John. I'll tell you what I'd do: I'd begin, and break it, twig by twig, till I forced my way through, and got out safe at the other side.

Abel Fletcher (*coming up behind them*). Well done, lad! but if it's all the same to thee, I would rather thee did not try that experiment upon *my* hedge at present. Is that thy usual fashion of getting over a difficulty, friend? What's thy name?

Phineas. It's John Halifax, father.

Abel Fletcher. Didn't thee say thee wanted

work? It looks rather like it. But thee need'st not be ashamed; better men than thee have been in rags. Hast thee any money?

John. The groat you gave, — that is, paid me. I never take what I don't earn.

Abel Fletcher. Don't be afraid. I was not going to give thee anything except, maybe — Would thee like some work?

John. Oh, sir!

Phineas. Oh, father!

Abel Fletcher. Well, what canst thou do, lad?

John. Anything.

Abel Fletcher. Anything generally means nothing. What hast thou been at all this year?

John. Let me think a minute, and I'll tell you. All the spring I was at a farmer's, riding the plow-horses, hoeing turnips. Then I went up the hills with some sheep. In June I tried haymaking and caught a fever; you needn't start, sir; I've been well these six weeks, or I wouldn't have come near your son. Then —

Abel Fletcher. That will do, lad; I'm satisfied.

John. Thank you, sir. I shall be willing and thankful for any work you can give me.

Abel Fletcher. Phineas, one of my men at the tan yard has enlisted this day, — left an honest livelihood to be a paid cut-throat. Dost thee think that this lad is fit to take the place?

Phineas. Whose place, father?

Abel Fletcher. Bill Watkins'.

Phineas. But, father, to do that dirty work —

Abel Fletcher. Then he may go about his business.

Phineas. But, father, isn't there anything else?

Abel Fletcher. I have nothing else, or if I had I wouldn't give it. "He that will not work, neither shall he eat."

John. I will work. I don't care what it is, if only it's honest work.

Abel Fletcher. Canst thee drive?

John. That I can.

Abel Fletcher. It's only a cart, the cart with the skins.

John. Thank you, sir. I'll do it well — that is, as well as I can.

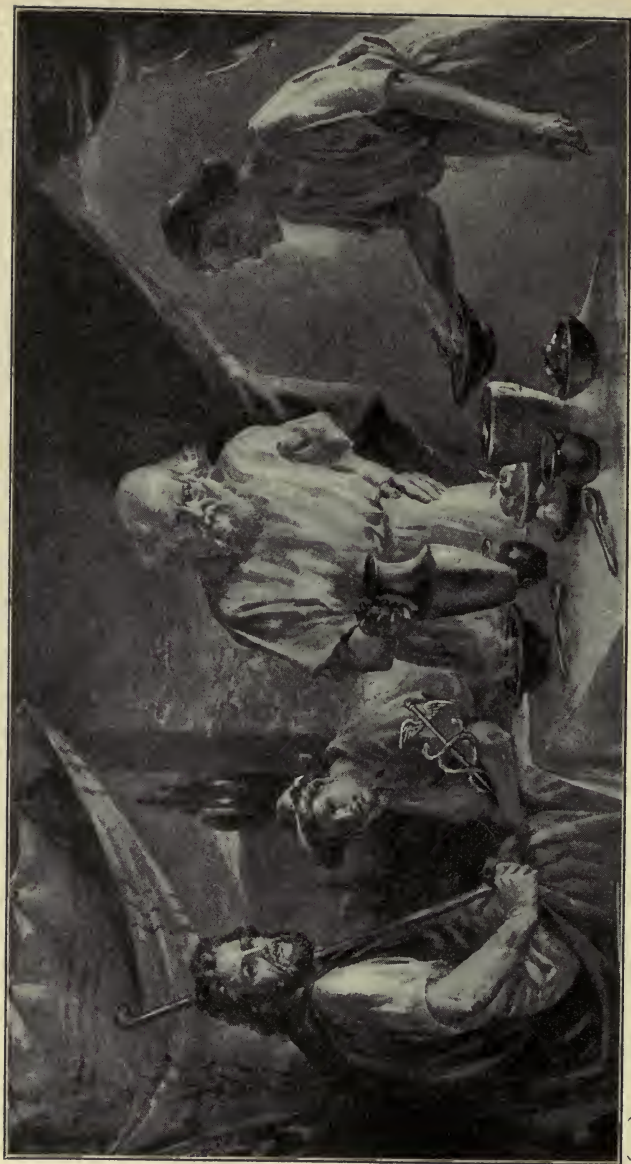
Abel Fletcher. Well, I will take thee, though it isn't often that I take a lad without a recommendation of some sort. I suppose thee hast none.

John. None.

Abel Fletcher (*shaking John's hand and putting a shilling into it*). This is to show I have hired thee as my servant.

John. Servant! Oh, yes, I understand. Well, I will try and serve you well. (*Throwing his cap high in the air*.) Hurrah!

From "John Halifax, Gentleman," by Dinah Mulock Craik (adapted).



THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER

THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER

One evening, in times long ago, old Philemon and his old wife, Baucis, sat at their cottage door, enjoying the beautiful sunset. They talked about their garden, and their cow, and their bees, and their grapevine, until the rude shouts of children and the fierce barking of dogs grew so loud that they could hardly hear each other speak.

<i>Characters</i>	{	Baucis
		Philemon
		Jupiter
		Quicksilver

SCENE I

Philemon. Ah, wife, I fear some poor traveler is seeking hospitality among our neighbors, and instead of giving him food and lodging, they have set their dogs at him, as their custom is.

Baucis. Well-a-day! I do wish our neighbors felt a little more kindness for their fellow-creatures. And only think of bringing up their children in this naughty way and patting them on the head when they fling stones at strangers!

Philemon. Those children will never come to any good. To tell you the truth, wife, I should not wonder if some terrible thing were to happen to all the people in the village, unless they mend their

manners. But, as for you and me, so long as we have a crust of bread, let us be ready to give half to any poor, homeless stranger that may come along and need it.

Baucis. That's right! So we will!

Philemon. I never heard the dogs so loud!

Baucis. Nor the children so rude!

[*All at once they see two travelers approaching, with a crowd of children hooting, and a pack of dogs barking at their heels.*]

Philemon. Come, wife, let us go and meet these poor people. No doubt they feel almost too heavy-hearted to climb the hill.

Baucis. Go you and meet them, while I make haste within doors, and see whether we can get them anything for supper. A comfortable bowl of bread and milk would do wonders toward raising their spirits.

Philemon (*going to meet the strangers*). Welcome; strangers! welcome!

Quicksilver. Thank you! This is quite another greeting than we have met yonder, in the village. Pray, why do you live in such a bad neighborhood?

Philemon. Providence put me here, I hope, in order that I may make up for the inhospitality of my neighbors.

Quicksilver. Well said, old father! Those children — the little rascals! — have bespattered us

with their mud balls ; and one of the curs has torn my cloak, which was ragged enough already. But I took him across the muzzle with my staff ; and I think you may have heard him yelp, even thus far off.

Philemon (watching *Quicksilver's* light movements). I used to be light-footed in my youth ; but I always found my feet grew heavier toward night-fall.

Quicksilver. There is nothing like a good staff to help one along ; and I happen to have an excellent one, as you see.

Philemon. A curious piece of work, sure enough ! A staff with wings ! It would be an excellent kind of stick for a little boy to ride astride of. Friends, sit down and rest yourselves here on this bench. My good wife Baucis has gone to see what you can have for supper. We are poor folks ; but you shall be welcome to whatever we have in the cupboard.

Jupiter. Was there not a lake, in very ancient times, covering the spot where now stands yonder village ?

Philemon. Not in my day, friend, and yet I am an old man, as you see. There were always the fields and meadows, just as they are now, and the old trees, and the little stream murmuring through the midst of the valley. My father, nor his father before him, never saw it otherwise, so far as I know ;

and doubtless it will still be the same, when old Philemon shall be gone and forgotten.

Jupiter. That is more than can be safely foretold. Since the people in yonder village have forgotten to have sympathy, it were better that the lake should be rippling over their dwellings again!

Philemon (to Quicksilver). Pray, my young friend, what may I call your name?

Quicksilver. Why, I am very nimble, as you see; so if you call me Quicksilver, the name will fit me.

Philemon. Quicksilver? Quicksilver? It is a very odd name! And your companion there? Has he as strange a one?

Quicksilver. You might ask the thunder to tell it to you. No other voice is loud enough.

[*Baucis comes in and announces that the meal is ready.*]

Baucis. Had we known you were coming, my good man and myself would have gone without a morsel, rather than you should lack a better supper. But I took the most part of the day's milk to make cheese; and our last loaf is already half eaten. Ah me! I never feel the sorrow of being poor save when a poor traveller knocks at our door.

Jupiter. All will be very well; do not trouble yourself, my good dame. An honest, hearty welcome to a guest can turn food into nectar and ambrosia.

Baucis. A welcome you shall have, and likewise a little honey that we happen to have left, and a bunch of purple grapes besides.

Quicksilver (laughing). Why, Mother Baucis, it is a feast! an absolute feast! and you shall see how bravely I will play my part at it! I think I never felt hungrier in my life.

Baucis (whispering to Philemon). Mercy on us! If the young man has such a terrible appetite, I am afraid there will not be half enough supper!

SCENE II

As Baucis had said, there was but a scanty supper for two hungry travelers. In the middle of the table was the remnant of a brown loaf, with a piece of cheese on one side of it, and a dish of honeycomb on the other. There was a pretty good bunch of grapes for each of the guests. A moderately sized earthen pitcher, nearly full of milk, stood at a corner of the board; and when Baucis had filled two bowls and set them before the strangers, only a little milk remained in the bottom of the pitcher.

Quicksilver. A little more milk, kind Mother Baucis, if you please. The day has been hot, and I am very much athirst.

Baucis. Now, my dear people, I am so sorry and ashamed! But the truth is, there is hardly a drop more milk in the pitcher. Oh, Philemon! Philemon! why didn't we go without our supper?

Quicksilver. Why, it appears to me that matters are not quite so bad as you think. Here is certainly more milk in the pitcher.

Baucis (aside). I am old and apt to be forgetful. I suppose I must have made a mistake. At all events, the pitcher cannot help being empty now, after filling the bowls twice over.

Quicksilver. What excellent milk! Excuse me, my kind hostess, but I must really ask you for a little more.

[*Baucis, in great amazement, pours from the apparently empty pitcher so much milk that it overflows the bowls upon the table.*]

Quicksilver. And now a slice of your brown loaf, Mother Baucis, and a little of that honey.

Baucis (aside to Philemon). Did you ever hear the like?

Philemon. No, I never did, and I rather think you have been walking about in a sort of dream. If I had poured out the milk, I should have seen through the business at once. There happened to be a little more in the pitcher than you thought, that is all.

Baucis. Ah, Philemon, say what you will, these are very uncommon people.

Philemon. Well, well, perhaps they are. They certainly do look as if they had seen better days; and I am heartily glad to see them making so comfortable a supper.

Quicksilver. Very admirable grapes these! Pray, my good host, whence did you gather them?

Philemon. From my own vine. You may see one of its branches twisting across the window yonder. But Baucis and I never thought the grapes very fine ones.

Quicksilver. I never tasted better. Another cup of this delicious milk, if you please, and I shall then have supped better than a prince.

[*Philemon finds the pitcher empty, as he expects, but as he lifts it, it fills with creamy milk.*]

Philemon. Who are ye, wonder-working strangers?

Jupiter. Your guests, my good Philemon, and your friends. Give me likewise a cup of the milk; and may your pitcher never be empty for kind Baucis and yourself, any more than for the needy wayfarer.

Philemon (aside to Quicksilver). How under the sun could a fountain of milk get into this old earthen pitcher?

Quicksilver (pointing to his staff). There is the whole mystery of the affair; and if you can make it out, I'll thank you to let me know. I can't tell what to make of my staff. It is always playing such odd tricks as this; sometimes getting me a supper, and quite as often stealing it away. If I had any faith in such nonsense, I should say the stick was bewitched!

[*All four walk out toward the village.*]

Philemon. Ah me! Well-a-day! If our neighbors only knew what a blessed thing it is to show hospitality to strangers, they would tie up all their dogs, and never allow their children to fling another stone.

Baucis. It is a sin and a shame for them to behave so—that it is! And I mean to go and tell some of them what naughty people they are.

Quicksilver. I fear that you will find none of them at home.

Jupiter. When men do not feel towards the humblest stranger as if he were a brother, they are unworthy to exist upon the earth.

Quicksilver. And, by the by, my dear old people, where is this same village that you talk about? On which side of us does it lie? Methinks I do not see it.

[*Baucis and Philemon are astonished to see that the entire village is covered with water.*]

Baucis. Alas! what has become of our poor neighbors?

Jupiter. They exist no longer as men and women. There was neither use nor beauty in such a life as theirs.

Quicksilver. As for those foolish people, they are all transformed to fishes. They needed but little change, for they were already a scaly set of rascals, and the coldest-blooded beings in existence.

Jupiter. As for you, good Philemon, and you,

kind Baucis, you, with your scanty means, have mingled so much heartfelt hospitality with your entertainment of the homeless stranger that the milk became a fount of nectar, and the brown loaf and the honey were ambrosia. Thus, the gods have feasted at your board off the same viands that supply their banquets on Olympus. You have done well, my dear old friends. Request whatever favor you wish most, and it is granted.

Philemon. Let us live together while we live and leave the world at the same instant when we die.

Jupiter. Be it so! Now look towards your cottage!

[They see in place of their cottage a tall building of white marble.]

Jupiter. There is your home. Show your hospitality in yonder palace as freely as in the poor hovel to which you welcomed us last evening.

From "The Miraculous Pitcher," by Nathaniel Hawthorne (adapted).

Bau'cis.

Phi le'mon.



PANDORA'S BOX

PANDORA'S BOX

Long ago, when the world was young, there was a youth called Epimetheus. He was very lonely because there were so few people in the world; and so the gods and goddesses sent a lovely little girl, called Pandora, to be his playfellow and helpmate.

The first thing that Pandora saw when she entered the cottage where Epimetheus dwelt was a great box, fastened by a very curiously tied and twisted gold cord.

SCENE I

<i>Characters</i>	{	Pandora
		Epimetheus
		Hope

Pandora. Epimetheus, what have you in that box?

Epimetheus. My little Pandora, that is a secret, and you must be kind enough not to ask any questions about it.

Pandora. But who gave it to you? And where did it come from?

Epimetheus. That is a secret, too.

Pandora (*pouting*). How provoking! I wish the great ugly box were out of the way!

Epimetheus. Oh, come, don't think of it any more. Let us run out of doors and play.

Pandora. Whence can the box have come? And what in the world can be inside of it?

Epimetheus. Always talking about this box! I wish, Pandora, you would try to talk of something else. Come, let us go and gather some ripe figs, and eat them under the trees for our supper. And I know a vine that has the sweetest and juiciest grapes you ever tasted.

Pandora (crossly). Always talking about grapes and figs!

Epimetheus. Well, then, let us run out and have a merry time.

Pandora (crossly). I am tired of merry times, and don't care if I never have any more! This ugly box! I am so taken up with thinking about it. I insist upon your telling me what is inside of it.

Epimetheus (vexed). As I have already said, fifty times over, I do not know! How, then, can I tell you what is inside?

Pandora. You might open it, and then we could see for ourselves.

Epimetheus. Pandora, what are you thinking of?

Pandora. At least, you can tell me how it came here.

Epimetheus. It was left at the door, just before you came, by a person who looked very smiling and intelligent and could hardly keep from laughing as he put it down. He was dressed in an odd kind of

cloak, and had on a cap that seemed to be made partly of feathers, so that it looked as if it had wings.

Pandora. What sort of staff had he?

Epimetheus. Oh, the most curious staff you ever saw! It was like two serpents twisting around a stick, and was carved so naturally that I, at first, thought the serpents were alive.

Pandora. I know him. Nobody else has such a staff. It was Quicksilver; and he brought me hither as well as the box. No doubt he intended it for me; and most probably it contains pretty dresses for me to wear, or toys for you and me to play with, or something very nice for us both to eat.

Epimetheus. Perhaps so. But until Quicksilver comes back and tells us so, we have neither of us any right to lift the lid of the box.

[*Epimetheus runs out.*]

Pandora. What a dull boy he is! I do wish he had a little more enterprise! (*Looking at the knot of gold cord that fastens the box.*) I really believe that I begin to see how it was done. Perhaps I could tie it up again after undoing it. There would be no harm in that, surely. Even Epimetheus would not blame me for that. I need not open the box, and should not, of course, without the foolish boy's consent, even if the knot were untied. I think I could untie it. I am resolved, at least, to find the two ends of the cord.

[She gives the knot a little pull, and it untwines itself as if by magic.]

This is the strangest thing I ever knew! What will Epimetheus say? And how can I possibly tie it up again? When he finds the knot untied, he will know that I have done it. How shall I make him believe that I have not looked into the box?

[Pandora thinks she hears something inside the box.]

What can it be? Is there something alive in the box? Well!—yes!—I am resolved to take just one peep! Only one peep; and then the lid shall be shut down as safely as ever! There cannot possibly be any harm in just one little peep!

As Pandora raised the lid, the cottage grew very dark and dismal, and a sudden swarm of winged creatures flew out from the box. They were ugly little shapes with bats' wings and terribly long stings in their tails. Pandora began to scream and cry, for the creatures stung her, and, try hard as she could, she could not quite shut the box again. Suddenly she heard the voice of Epimetheus.

Epimetheus. Oh, I am stung! I am stung! Naughty Pandora! why have you opened this wicked box?

[Suddenly there is a gentle tap on the inside of the box cover.]

Pandora. What can that be? Who are you? Who are you, inside of this naughty box?

Hope. Only lift the lid, and you shall see.

Pandora (sobbing). No, no! I have had enough

of lifting the lid. You are inside of the box, naughty creature, and there you shall stay! There are plenty of your ugly brothers and sisters already flying about the world. You need never think I shall be so foolish as to let you out!

Hope. Ah, you had much better let me out. I am not like those naughty creatures that have stings in their tails. They are no brothers and sisters of mine, as you would see at once, if you were only to get a glimpse of me. Come, come, my pretty Pandora! I am sure you will let me out.

Pandora. Epimetheus, have you heard this little voice?

Epimetheus. Yes, to be sure I have. And what of it?

Pandora. Shall I lift the lid again?

Epimetheus. Just as you please. You have done so much mischief already that perhaps you may as well do a little more. One other Trouble, in such a swarm as you have set adrift about the world, can make no very great difference.

Pandora (wiping her eyes). You might speak a little more kindly!

Hope. Ah, naughty boy! He knows he is longing to see me. Come, my dear Pandora, lift up the lid. I am in a great hurry to comfort you. Only let me have some fresh air, and you shall soon see that matters are not quite so dismal as you think them.

Pandora. Epimetheus, come what may, I am resolved to open the box!

Epimetheus. And, as the lid seems very heavy, I will help you!

[*They lift the lid and out flies a sunny and smiling little creature, throwing a light wherever she goes.*]

Pandora. Pray, who are you, beautiful creature?

Hope. I am to be called Hope. And because I am such a cheery little body, I was packed into the box with that swarm of ugly Troubles. Never fear! we shall do pretty well, in spite of them all.

Pandora. Your wings are colored like the rainbow! How very beautiful!

Hope. Yes, they are like the rainbow, because, glad as my nature is, I am partly made of tears as well as smiles.

Epimetheus. And will you stay with us forever and ever?

Hope. As long as you need me, — and that will be as long as you live in the world, — I promise never to desert you. There may come times when you will think I have utterly vanished. But again and again and again, when perhaps you least dream of it, you shall see the glimmer of my wings on the ceiling of your cottage. Trust in my promise, for it is true.

Pandora and Epimetheus. We do trust you!

From "The Paradise of Children," by Nathaniel Hawthorne
(adapted).

THE POMEGRANATE SEEDS

SCENE I

<i>Characters</i>	{	Mother Ceres
		Proserpina
		Pluto
		Servant
		Quicksilver
		Hecate
		Sea-nymph
	{	Phœbus

Mother Ceres, the goddess of the harvest, was very fond of her daughter Proserpina, and seldom let her go alone into the fields. But at one time when the season had been backward and Mother Ceres was very busy, she put on her turban, made of poppies, and got into her car, drawn by a pair of winged dragons, and was just ready to start off alone, when Proserpina came running up to her.

Proserpina. Dear mother, I shall be very lonely while you are away. May I not run down to the shore and ask some of the sea-nymphs to come out of the waves and play with me?

Ceres. Yes, child, the sea-nymphs are good creatures, and will never lead you into any harm. But you must take care not to stray away from them, nor go wandering about the fields by yourself.

[*Ceres drives off, and Proserpina runs to play with the nymphs.*]

Sea-nymph. Dear Proserpina, we dare not go with you upon the dry land. We are apt to grow faint, unless at every breath we can snuff up the salt breeze of the ocean. And don't you see how careful we are to let the surf wave break over us every moment or two, so as to keep ourselves comfortably moist? If it were not for that, we should soon look like bunches of uprooted sea-weed dried in the sun.

Proserpina. It is a great pity; but do you wait for me here, and I will run and gather my apron full of flowers, and be back again before the surf has broken ten times over you. I long to make you some wreaths that shall be as lovely as this necklace of many-colored shells.

Sea-nymph. We will wait, then. But while you are gone, we may as well lie down on a bank of soft sponge under the water. The air to-day is a little too dry for our comfort. But we will pop up our heads every few minutes to see if you are coming.

[*As Proserpina is picking flowers, she comes upon a most beautiful shrub. She pulls and pulls upon it, and it finally comes up, leaving a deep, black hole. From this hole presently come four black horses, with a splendid golden chariot whirling at their heels. In the chariot sits*

a man, with a crown on his head, all flaming with diamonds.]

Pluto (to Proserpina). Do not be afraid. Come! Will you not like to ride a little way with me in my beautiful chariot?

Proserpina (frightened). Mother, Mother Ceres! Come quickly and save me.

Pluto (seizing Proserpina and putting her into the chariot). Why should you be so frightened, my pretty child? I promise not to do you any harm. What! You have been gathering flowers? Wait till we come to my palace, and I will give you a garden full of prettier flowers than those, all made of pearls and diamonds and rubies. Can you guess who I am? They call my name Pluto, and I am the king of diamonds and all other precious stones. Every atom of the gold and silver that lies under the earth belongs to me, to say nothing of the copper and iron, and of the coal mines which supply me with abundance of fuel. Do you see this splendid crown upon my head? You may have it for a plaything. Oh, we shall be very good friends, and you will find me more agreeable than you expect, when once we get out of this troublesome sunshine.

Proserpina. Let me go home! Let me go home!

Pluto. My home is better than your mother's. It is a palace, all made of gold, with crystal windows; and because there is little or no sunshine the apart-



ments are lighted with diamond lamps. You never saw anything half so magnificent as my throne. If you like, you may sit down on it, and be my little queen, and I will sit on the footstool.

Proserpina (sobbing). I don't care for golden palaces and thrones. Oh, my mother, my mother! Carry me back to my mother!

Pluto. Pray do not be so foolish, Proserpina. I offer you my palace and my crown, and all the riches that are under the earth; and you treat me as if I were doing you an injury. The one thing which my palace needs is a merry little maid, to run upstairs and down, and cheer up the rooms with her smile. And this is what you must do for King Pluto.

Proserpina. Never! I shall never smile again till you set me down at my mother's door. Is it much farther? And will you carry me back when I have seen your palace?

Pluto. We will talk of that by and by! We are just entering my dominions. Do you see that tall gateway before us? When we pass those gates we are at home. And there lies my faithful dog at the threshold. Cerberus! Cerberus! Come hither, my good dog.

[*An ugly-looking, three-headed, serpent-tailed monster comes to meet them.*]

Proserpina. Will the dog bite me? What an ugly creature he is!

Pluto. Oh, never fear. He never harms people unless they try to enter without being sent for, or to go away when I wish to keep them here. Down, Cerberus! Now, my pretty Proserpina, we will drive on.

[*They soon come to a black, muddy-looking stream.*]

Pluto. This is the river Lethe. Is it not a very pleasant stream?

Proserpina. I think it is a very dismal one.

Pluto. It suits my taste. Its water has a very excellent quality; for a single draught of it makes people forget every care and sorrow that has hitherto tormented them. Only sip a little of it, my dear Proserpina, and you will instantly remember nothing that will prevent you from being perfectly happy. I will send for some in a golden goblet the minute we arrive.

Proserpina (sobbing). Oh, no, no, no! I had a thousand times rather be miserable with remembering my mother than be happy in forgetting her. That dear, dear mother! I never, never will forget her.

Pluto. We shall see. You do not know what fine times we will have in my palace. Here we are just at the portal. These pillars are solid gold. And now you shall have some of that water.

Proserpina. I will neither drink that nor anything else. Nor will I taste a morsel of food, even if you keep me forever in your palace.

Pluto (patting her cheek). I should be sorry for that. You are a spoiled child, my little Proserpina; but when you see the nice things which my cook will make for you, your appetite will quickly come again.

SCENE II

When Ceres found that her daughter was lost, she hurried off to make inquiries all through the neighborhood. But nobody told her anything by which she could guess what had become of Proserpina. The poor mother went wandering about for nine long days and nights, finding no trace of the little girl. On the tenth day she discovered Hecate, an ugly-looking creature sitting in a gloomy cave.

Ceres. Oh, Hecate, if ever you lose a daughter, you will know what sorrow is. Tell me, for pity's sake, have you seen my poor child Proserpina pass by the mouth of your cavern?

Hecate (sighing). No, no, Mother Ceres, I have seen nothing of your daughter. But my ears are made in such a way that all cries of distress all over the world are pretty sure to make their way to them. Nine days ago, as I sat here in my cave, making myself miserable, I heard the voice of a young girl shrieking as if in great distress. Something terrible has happened to the child. As well as I could judge, a dragon or some other cruel monster was carrying her away.

Ceres. You kill me by saying so! Where was the sound, and which way did it seem to go?

Hecate. It passed very swiftly along, and at the same time there was a heavy rumbling of wheels towards the eastward. I can tell you nothing more, except that, in my honest opinion, you will never see your daughter again. The best advice I can give you is to come to live with me in this cavern, where we will be the two most wretched women in the world.

Ceres. Not yet, dark Hecate. But do you first come with your torch and help me to seek for my lost child. And when there shall be no more hope of finding her, then, if you will give me room to fling myself down, either on these withered leaves or on the naked rock, I will show you what it is to be miserable. But until I know that she has perished, I will not allow myself space even to grieve. There is one person who must have seen my poor child, and can doubtless tell what has become of her. Why did I not think of him before? It is Phœbus.

Hecate. What, the young man that always sits in the sunshine? Oh, pray do not think of going near him. He is a gay fellow, and will only smile in your face. And besides, there is such a glare of the sun about him that he will quite blind my poor eyes, which I have almost wept away already.

Ceres. You have promised to be my companion. Come, let us make haste, or the sunshine will be gone, and Phœbus along with it.

[*They find Phœbus playing the lyre and singing.*]

Ceres. Phœbus!, I am in great trouble, and have come to you for assistance. Can you tell me what has become of my dear child Proserpina?

Phœbus. Proserpina? Proserpina, did you call her name? Ah, yes, I remember her now. A very lovely child, indeed. I am happy to tell you, my dear madam, that I did see the little Proserpina not many days ago. You may make yourself perfectly easy about her. She is safe, and in excellent hands.

Ceres. Oh, where is my dear child?

Phœbus. Why, as the little damsel was gathering flowers she was suddenly snatched up by King Pluto and carried off to his kingdom. I have never been there, but the royal palace, I am told, is built of the most splendid and costly materials. Gold, diamonds, pearls, and all manner of precious stones will be your daughter's playthings.

Ceres. Hush! What are all the splendors you speak of without affection? I must have her back again. Will you go with me, Phœbus, to demand my daughter of this wicked Pluto?

Phœbus. Pray excuse me. I certainly wish you success, but I am not on the best of terms with King Pluto. To tell you the truth, his three-headed mastiff would never let me pass the gateway; for I should be compelled to take a sheaf of sunbeams along with me, and those, you know, are forbidden in Pluto's kingdom.

Ceres. Ah, Phœbus, you have a harp instead of a heart. Farewell.

SCENE III

PLACE: *In Pluto's palace*

For days and days Mother Ceres wandered about disconsolately, trying in vain to find the entrance to Pluto's kingdom. At length in her despair she came to the dreadful resolution that not a stalk of grain nor a blade of grass should be allowed to grow until her daughter was restored. Finally Quicksilver was sent in haste to King Pluto, in hopes that he might undo the mischief he had done.

Pluto. My little Proserpina, I wish you could like me better. If you would only stay with me of your own accord, it would make me happier than the possession of a hundred such palaces as this.

Proserpina. Ah, you should have tried to make me like you before carrying me off. And the best thing you can do now is to let me go again. Then I might remember you sometimes, and think that you were as kind as you knew how to be. Perhaps, too, one day or other, I might come back and pay you a visit.

Pluto. No, no, I will not trust you for that. You are too fond of living in the broad daylight and gathering flowers. What an idle and childish taste that is! Are not these gems which I have ordered to be dug for you, and which are richer than any in my crown, — are they not prettier than a violet?

Proserpina. Not half so pretty. O my sweet violets, shall I never see you again?

Pluto. Are you not terribly hungry? Is there nothing which I can get you to eat?

Proserpina. No, indeed. Your head cook is always baking and stewing and roasting, and contriving one dish or another, which he imagines may be to my liking. But he might just as well save himself the trouble, poor fat little man that he is. I have no appetite for anything in the world unless it were a slice of bread, of my mother's baking, or a little fruit out of her garden.

[*Pluto sends for fruit; but as Mother Ceres has forbidden anything to grow, the only bit of fruit that the servant can find is a withered pomegranate.*]

Servant. Your Majesty, I can find no fruit but this.

Proserpina. I shall not touch it. If I were ever so hungry, I should never think of eating such a miserable, dry pomegranate as that.

Servant. It is the only one in the world.

Proserpina (aside). At least I may smell it.

[*Proserpina then takes one bite of the fruit.*]

Pluto (entering). My little Proserpina, here is Quicksilver, who tells me that a great many misfortunes have befallen innocent people on account of my detaining you in my kingdom. To confess



the truth, I had already thought that it was wrong to take you away from your good mother. But, my dear child, this vast palace is apt to be gloomy, and I am not of the most cheerful disposition; I hoped you would take my crown for a plaything and me for a playmate.

Proserpina. You have really amused me very much sometimes.

Pluto. Thank you, but I can see plainly enough that you think my palace a dusky prison, and me the iron-hearted keeper of it. And an iron heart I should surely have, if I could detain you here any longer, my poor child, when it is now six months since you tasted food. I give you your liberty. Go with Quicksilver. Hasten to your dear mother.

Quicksilver (whispering). Come along quickly, or his Majesty may change his royal mind. And take care, above all things, that you say nothing of what was brought to you on the golden salver.

[*They hasten away toward the house of Mother Ceres, who is sitting disconsolately on her doorstep, holding her burning torch. Suddenly the flame flickers and goes out.*]

Ceres. What does this mean? It was an enchanted torch, and should have burned till my child came back.

[*As she lifts her eyes, she sees the brown and barren fields growing green.*]

Does the earth disobey me? Does it dare to be green when I have bidden it be barren until my daughter shall be restored to my arms?

Proserpina (*running to her mother's arms*). Then open your arms, dear mother, and take your little daughter into them.

Ceres. My child, did you taste any food while you were in King Pluto's palace?

Proserpina. Dearest mother, I will tell you the whole truth. Until this very morning not a morsel of food had passed my lips. But to-day they brought me a pomegranate (a very dry one it was, and all shriveled up, till there was little left of it but seeds and skin); and, having seen no fruit for so long a time, and being faint with hunger, I was tempted just to bite it. The instant I tasted it King Pluto and Quicksilver came into the room. I had not swallowed a morsel; but — dear mother, I hope it was no harm — but six of the pomegranate seeds, I am afraid, remained in my mouth.

Ceres. Ah, unfortunate child and miserable me! For each of those six pomegranate seeds you must spend one month of every year in King Pluto's palace. You are but half restored to your mother. Only six months with me, and six with that good-for-nothing King of Darkness!

Proserpina. Do not speak so harshly of poor King Pluto. I really think I can bear to spend six months in his palace, if he will only let me spend

the other six with you. He certainly did very wrong to carry me off; but then, as he says, it was a dismal sort of life for him to live in that great gloomy place all alone; and it has made a wonderful change in his spirits to have a little girl to run upstairs and down. There is some comfort in making him happy; and so, upon the whole, dearest mother, let us be thankful that he is not to keep me the whole year round.

From "The Pomegranate Seeds," by Nathaniel Hawthorne (adapted).

Cē'res

Prō ser'pī na

Phœ bus — fē'bus

Hēc'a tē



JEAN VALJEAN AND THE BISHOP

SCENE I

PLACE: *The Bishop's house*

Characters { The Bishop
Jean Valjean, an escaped convict
Madam Magloire, the Bishop's housekeeper

The Bishop's housekeeper had been telling him of the presence of suspicious prowlers in town, and had been urging the need of new bolts on the doors. Suddenly there was a knock at the door.

Bishop. Come in!

[*The door opens, and a rough-looking fellow enters with a pack on his back.*]

Jean Valjean. I am going to give you this straight. My name is Jean Valjean. I am a released convict, having spent nineteen years in the hulks. I was let out four days ago and have been footing it these four days. I have done twelve leagues this day. No one will harbor me anywhere. I rapped at the jail, and the warder would not open to me. I crept into a dog kennel and the beast snapped at me. I went into the fields to sleep under the stars, but there were none; and, thinking that it would rain, I returned into town to

find some doorway to snooze in. Across the square I lay on a stone, when a good woman pointed to your house and said, "Knock at that door." I have knocked. What is this house? A kind of hotel? I have money. I am very hungry. Will you let me stay?

Bishop. Madam Magloire, bring another plate.

Jean Valjean. Stop, you haven't got this right. Did you not hear? I am a jail bird, a galley slave, fresh from the prison. (*Pulling a large sheet of paper from his pocket.*) This is my leave to travel. It leads to my being kicked out wherever I show myself. Hark ye! "JEAN VALJEAN, released convict, born at"—oh, you don't care for that? "Nineteen years in. Five for burglary and theft. Fourteen for trying four times to get out." There! Will you receive me? Will you give me meat and a bed? A stable will do for me.

Bishop. Madam Magloire, air the sheets on the alcove bed. Monsieur, take a seat and warm yourself. We are just sitting down to supper, and while you are having yours, your bed will be got ready.

Jean Valjean. Is this so? What, you will keep me? You do not drive me out,—a jail bird? You call me "monsieur" and do not talk as to a dog. Oh, what a trump that good soul was who told me to apply here! I am going to have supper, did you say? And a bed, with real sheets and a mattress, like all the rest of the world but us? It

is nigh twenty years since I slept in a bed. Well, you are first-class folk. I really have money, and I can pay anything you say. You are an honest gentleman. A kind of hotel-keeper, eh?

Bishop. I am a priest who is living here.

Jean Valjean. A priest! I reckon you are the parish priest, the priest of that big church. What a fool I am not to have noticed your skull-cap. You are humane; you do not hold me in scorn. Then you do not wish me to pay?

Bishop. No, keep your money. How much did you say it was?

Jean Valjean. One hundred and nine francs fifteen sous.

Bishop. How long were you earning so much?

Jean Valjean. Nineteen years.

Bishop (with a sigh). Nineteen years! (*Shutting the outside door.*)

Jean Valjean. Master priest, you are kind. You do not scorn me. You welcome me in your own home. You light up your candles in my honor. Yet I did not keep from you what I am.

Bishop. You needed not to have told me who you were. This is not my house, but Jesus Christ's. This door does not want him who enters to bear a name, but to bear a sorrow. You suffer; you are a-hungered and a-thirst; verily you are welcome. And thank me not; do not say that I am making you at home in my house. All that is herein is

yours. What need have I to know your name? Besides, before you spoke it, I knew who you were.

Jean Valjean. Really? You knew my name?

Bishop. Yes, you are my brother.

Jean Valjean. What a queer thing!

Bishop. You had a very hard time of it?

Jean Valjean. Sure! In a red cassock, with a cannon-ball chained to the heel, a board to sleep on, heat and cold, work, the warders with canes! For a word they throw you into the black hole! If you fall sick, the same bed, and the chain still on. Nineteen years of it! I am forty-six now. And the release pass at last!

Bishop. Yes, you come forth from a house of sorrows. Listen to me. There is more joy in heaven over the tear-wet face of one repentant sinner than over the snowy robes of the hundred who are just. If you come out of that doleful place with angry and hateful thoughts toward your fellow-men, you are deserving of pity; and if with those of peace, meekness, and loving-kindliness, then you are a better man than any of us. But now let us to the table.

[*The Bishop seats Jean at his right hand, like an honored guest.*]

Jean Valjean (eating hungrily). Father, all this is downright too kind to me, but I am bound to say that those carters who would not let me have a snack with them live a great deal better than you.

Bishop. They work harder than I do.

Jean Valjean. No, that is not it, but they get more money. I can clearly see that you are poor. I am afraid you are not even the parish priest. Are you not his deputy? Ah, if Heaven played us square, you ought to be the full-blown priest here.

Bishop. Our good God is more than square. Monsieur Jean Valjean, did you not say you were going to Pontarlier?

Jean Valjean. Aye, and obliged to stick to a route laid down. You see I shall have to take to the road at daybreak to-morrow. Traveling is pretty rough.

Bishop. Monsieur, you must want to go to bed. If you are ready, sir, I will show you to your bedroom. I hope you will have a good night. Before you start in the morning I shall have a bowl of new milk for you.

Jean Valjean. Thank you, master priest. But come, come, is it a fact that you make me at home like this? Have you thought the thing over? How are you to know but that I have committed murder?

Bishop. That is the concern of our good God. Good night.

Jean Valjean — Zhän Väl zhan
Magloire — Mä gluär

SCENE II

<i>Characters</i>	{	Bishop
		Jean Valjean
		Madam Magloire
		Officer

As the cathedral clock struck two Jean Valjean awoke. He had slept four hours, and his weariness was gone. He started to his feet, faltered a moment, and listened; all was silent throughout the house. Jean moved with precaution, taking care not to knock against the furniture. He went straight to the plate press. The key was in it; he opened it. The first thing he saw was the plate basket. He put the plate in his sack, opened the window, jumped into the garden, where he dropped the plate basket, leaped over the wall, and fled.

At sunrise the next morning, while the Bishop was strolling in his garden, Madam Magloire came running out to him.

Madam Magloire. My lord! my lord! does your Highness know where the plate basket is?

Bishop. Yes.

Madam Magloire. The Lord be thanked! I did not know whatever had become of it.

[*The Bishop picks up the basket from a flower bed and hands it to her.*]

Madam Magloire. Yes, but there is nothing in it; where is the plate?

Bishop. Oh, if you are anxious about the plate, I cannot give you any information.

Madam Magloire. Great good Heavens! it has been stolen! That man who was here last night took

it. Look at the wall! There is the way he went! The abominable rogue, to steal our silver!

Bishop. In the first place, is it so sure a thing that this silver was ours? Too long and wrongfully have I kept this silver. It belonged to the poor. And who was this man? Evidently one of the poor.

Madam Magloire. Alas! I am not speaking on account of myself, but for your lordship. What will your Highness eat off of now?

Bishop. How now! are there no pewter platters?

Madam Magloire. But pewter has a smell.

Bishop. What is the trouble with japanned metal?

Madam Magloire. It has a tang.

Bishop. Well, we will try wooden platters.

Madam Magloire (aside). The idea of harboring such a fellow! and to lodge him in the next room! But what a blessing that he only committed robbery! Good gracious! I am all of a flutter to think of it!

[*There is a knock at the door and three men enter, holding Jean Valjean by the collar.*]

Officer. My lord —

Jean Valjean. "My lord," — then it is not the parish priest.

Officer. Silence! this is our Bishop.

Bishop. Ah, so you are here again! I am glad to see you, for you omitted to take the candlesticks along with the rest, though they are sterling silver also, so that the lot will realize you a round two

hundred francs. Why did you not carry them off with the rest of the service?

[*Jean Valjean stares, open-mouthed, at the Bishop.*]

Officer. Was the story true, then, that we had from this man, my lord? We met him and he seemed to be on the run. We stopped him to see what was his little game, and found silver plate on him.

Bishop. I suppose that he told you that it was given him by a good old priest, in whose house he passed the night. I can see what occurred. And you brought him back to verify? You made a mistake.

Officer. Does your lordship mean that we are to let him go?

Bishop. Of course.

Jean Valjean. Is this true that they are letting me go?

Officer. Yes, can't you hear? You are let off.

Bishop. But this time, my friend, before you go, don't forget your candlesticks. Here they are! (*Valjean seems about to faint.*) Now, go in peace. By the way, next time you come, do not use the garden, for you may come and go by the street door. We keep it on the latch day and night. (*Turning to the police.*) Gentlemen, you may go. Jean Valjean, my brother, you no longer belong to evil, but unto good. It is your soul that I have

bought. I redeem it from black thoughts and the Spirit of Perdition, and I offer it to God.

SCENE III

Characters { Jean Valjean
Little Gervais
Priest

Like one fleeing from himself, Jean Valjean raced out of the town. All day inexpressible thoughts heaped themselves upon him. Toward evening he saw a little Savoyard, about twelve years old, singing as he skipped along. The lad stopped now and then to play with coin which he had in his hand. Among the pieces was a forty-sous piece. Once this coin rolled out of his hand and into the thicket where Valjean was sitting.

[*Jean quickly put his foot on the silver piece.*]

Gervais. I want my coin, sir.

Jean Valjean. Who are you?

Gervais. Little Gervais.

Jean Valjean. Be off!

Gervais. Not before I get my money. My coin, sir! My money — my silver! (*Screaming.*) I want my money — my forty-sous piece!

Jean Valjean (taking his cudgel). Who is there?

Gervais. I, sir, Little Gervais; give me back my money, if you please. Lift up your foot, sir! please! Do you hear? Take away your big foot, will you?

Jean Valjean. What! are you still here? Will you be off?



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VALJEAN ROBS LITTLE GERVAIS

[*Little Gervais runs off, crying bitterly. For a long time Jean Valjean sits motionless, gazing into the twilight with a far-away look. Suddenly he springs up and walks rapidly in the direction in which Gervais has run.*]

Jean Valjean (shouting). Little Gervais! Little Gervais! Little Gervais! (*To a priest who approaches.*) Did you see a boy passing, Father? His name is Little Gervais.

Priest. I have seen nobody.

Jean Valjean (giving him two five-franc pieces). For your poor. It is one of these Savoyards, you know, a little chap of ten, with a marmot and a hurdy-gurdy.

Priest. I have not seen him.

[*Jean Valjean.* Little Gervais! Are there any villages round here? Can't you tell me?

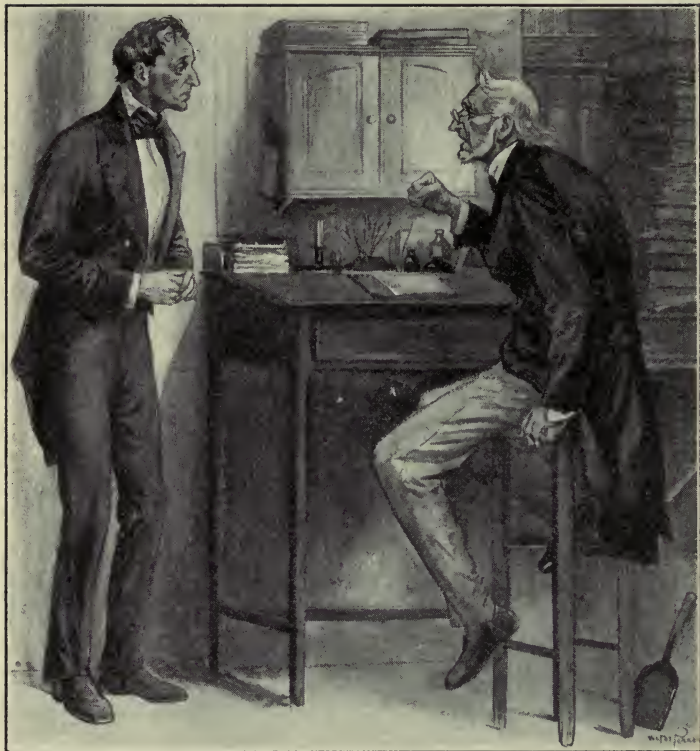
Priest. According to what you say, friend, it is one of those foreign boys who just pass through without any one's knowing them.

Jean Valjean (giving the priest two more five-franc pieces). For your poor! Father, have me arrested! I am a thief!

[*The Priest rides off, frightened.*

Jean Valjean (weeping wildly). I am a villain! a villain!

From "Les Misérables," by Victor Hugo (adapted).



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SCROOGE AND HIS NEPHEW

EBENEZER SCROOGE'S CHRISTMAS

Scrooge was a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, clutching, covetous, old sinner, hard and sharp as flint. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shriveled his cheek, stiffened his gait, made his eyes red, his thin lips blue. He carried his own low temperature always about with him ; he iced his office in the dog days, and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks : " My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me? " No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle; no children asked him what it was o'clock. But what did Scrooge care?

SCENE I

Characters { Scrooge
 { Scrooge's Nephew

PLACE: Scrooge's warehouse

TIME: Christmas Eve

Nephew. A merry Christmas, uncle. God save you!

Scrooge. Bah! Humbug!

Nephew. Christmas a humbug, uncle! You don't mean that, I am sure.

Scrooge. I do. " Merry Christmas! " What right have you to be merry? You're poor enough.

Nephew. Come, then, what right have you to be

dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough.

Scrooge. Bah! Humbug!

Nephew. Don't be cross, unclè.

Scrooge. What else can I be, when I live in such a world of fools as this? "Merry Christmas!" Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will, every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!

Nephew (pleadingly). Uncle!

Scrooge. Nephew, keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.

Nephew. Keep it! But you don't keep it!

Scrooge. Let me leave it alone, then. Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!

Nephew. There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say,—Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round, as a good time,—a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only

time in the year when men and women seem to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them. And, therefore, uncle, though Christmas has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it! Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow.

Scrooge. Bah!

Nephew. I want nothing from you. I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?

Scrooge. Good afternoon!

Nephew. I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So a merry Christmas, uncle!

Scrooge. Good afternoon!

Nephew. And a happy New Year!

Scrooge. Good afternoon!

SCENE II

PLACE: *Scrooge's warehouse*

Characters { Scrooge
 Visitor

Visitor. This is Scrooge and Marley's warehouse, I believe. Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?

Scrooge. Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years. He died seven years ago this very night.

Visitor (taking up a pen). At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge, it is desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessities; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir.

Scrooge. Are there no prisons?

Visitor (laying down the pen). Plenty of prisons.

Scrooge. And the workhouses? Are they still in operation?

Visitor. They are. I wish I could say they were not.

Scrooge. The Treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigor, then?

Visitor. Both very busy, sir.

Scrooge. Oh! I was afraid, from what you said at first, that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course. I'm very glad to hear it.

Visitor. But they don't furnish Christian cheer to the multitude. So a few of us are trying to raise a fund to buy the poor some meat and drink and means of warmth. What shall I put you down for?

Scrooge. Nothing.

Visitor. You wish to be anonymous?

Scrooge. I wish to be left alone. Since you ask me what I wish, this is my answer: I don't make

merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments I have mentioned: they cost enough; and those who are badly off must go there.

Visitor. Many can't go there, and many would rather die.

Scrooge. If they would rather die, they had better do it and decrease the population. Good afternoon, sir.

SCENE III

PLACE: *Scrooge's home*

TIME: *Midnight, Christmas Eve*

<i>Characters</i>	{	Scrooge
		Spirit (Ghost of Christmas Past)
		Fezzwig

Just as the clock strikes twelve Scrooge awakes, startled, and sits up in bed. The curtains of his bed are parted, and a strange figure, looking like a stunted old man, appears. It wears a tunic of the purest white, and has a branch of fresh green holly in its hand.

Scrooge. Are you a spirit, sir?

Spirit. I am!

Scrooge. Who and what are you?

Spirit. I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.

Scrooge. Long past?

Spirit. No. Your past.

Scrooge. What business brought you here?

Spirit. Your welfare. Take heed! Rise! and

walk with me! Come! (*Going toward the window.*)

Scrooge. I am a mortal and liable to fall.

Spirit (*laying his hand upon Scrooge's heart*). Bear but a touch of my hand *there*, and you shall be upheld in more than this.

[*The Spirit and Scrooge pass out upon an open country road, and on, and on, until they reach a boarding school, which they enter.*]

Scrooge. Good Heaven! I was bred in this place. I was a boy here.

Spirit. You recollect the place?

Scrooge. Remember it! I could walk it blindfold.

Spirit. Strange to have forgotten it for so many years! Now you will see here only shadows of the things that have been. They have no consciousness of us. See! the school is not quite deserted. A solitary child, neglected by his friends, is left there still.

Scrooge (*muttering*). I wish—but it's too late now.

Spirit. What is the matter?

Scrooge. Nothing. Nothing. There was a boy singing a Christmas carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something; that's all.

Spirit (*smiling thoughtfully*). Let us see another Christmas.

[In a moment they have left the school behind them and are in the city again in a certain warehouse, where a stout old gentleman is sitting at a high desk.]

Spirit. Do you know this place?

Scrooge. Know it! Wasn't I apprenticed here? That's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart; it's old Fezziwig alive again!

Fezziwig (laughing and calling in a jovial tone). Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!

Scrooge (aside). Dick Wilkins, to be sure. Bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Poor dear!

Fezziwig. Yo ho, my boys. No more work to-night. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer. Let's have the shutters up before a man can say, "Jack Robinson." Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!

[Suddenly people pour into the warehouse and spend a merry hour in dancing and games. Scrooge and the Spirit watch the fun.]

Spirit. A small matter, to make these silly folks so full of gratitude!

Scrooge. Small!

Spirit. Why! Is it not? He has spent but a few pounds,—three or four, perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves praise?

Scrooge. It isn't that. It isn't that, Spirit. He has the power to make these people happy or unhappy; to make their service a pleasure or a toil. The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune — (*Scrooge stops suddenly.*)

Spirit. What is the matter?

Scrooge. Nothing particular.

Spirit. Something, I think.

Scrooge. No, no. I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now! That's all!

SCENE IV

TIME: *Midnight, Christmas Eve*

PLACE: *Scrooge's home*

<i>Characters</i>	{	Scrooge
		Spirit (Ghost of Christmas Present)
		Mrs. Cratchit
		Two Young Cratchits
		Bob Cratchit

[*Awaking in the middle of a prodigiously tough snore, and sitting up in bed to get his thoughts together, Scrooge sees upon a couch a jolly giant. He bears a glowing torch, like a horn of plenty.*]

Spirit. I am the Ghost of Christmas Present. Look upon me. You have never seen the like of me before?

Scrooge. Never.

Spirit. Have you never walked forth with the younger members of my family, — my elder brothers born in these later years?

Scrooge. I don't think I have. I am afraid I have not. Have you had many brothers, Spirit?

Spirit. More than eighteen hundred.

Scrooge. A tremendous family to provide for! Spirit, conduct me where you will. I went forth to-night on compulsion, and I learned a lesson which is working now. If you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it.

Spirit. Touch my robe!

[*Scrooge does as he is told and immediately his familiar room and its surroundings vanish, and he stands in the kitchen of his poor clerk, Bob Cratchit.*]

Mrs. Cratchit. What has ever got your precious father, then? . And your brother, Tiny Tim? And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour.

Martha. Here's Martha, mother!

Two Young Cratchits. Here's Martha, mother! Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!

Mrs. Cratchit. Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!

Martha. We'd a deal of work to finish up last night, and had to clear away this morning, mother.

Mrs. Cratchit. Well, never mind so long as you



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BOB CRATCHIT AND TINY TIM

are come. Sit down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, — Lord bless ye!

Two Young Cratchits. No! no! There's father coming! Hide, Martha, hide!

[*Bob Cratchit enters with Tiny Tim, a little lame boy, upon his shoulder.*]

Bob Cratchit. Why, where's our Martha?

Mrs. Cratchit. Not coming.

Bob Cratchit. Not coming! Not coming upon Christmas Day! Why, — ah, here's our Martha now! Come here, you rogue!

Mrs. Cratchit. And how did little Tim behave in church?

Bob Cratchit. As good as gold, — and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk and blind men see.

Scrooge. Spirit, tell me if Tiny Tim will live.

Spirit. I see a vacant seat in the chimney corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the future, the child will die.

Scrooge. No, no; oh, no, kind Spirit! Say he will be spared!

Spirit. If these shadows are unaltered by

the future, none other of my race will find him here.

Bob Cratchit. Now, my dears, I'll give you a Christmas toast. Mr. Scrooge!

Mrs. Cratchit. Mr. Scrooge, indeed! I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it.

Bob Cratchit. My dear, remember the children! And it's Christmas Day, my dear!

Mrs. Cratchit. It should be Christmas Day, I am sure, on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert. Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow.

Bob Cratchit (mildly). My dear, Christmas Day.

Mrs. Cratchit. I'll drink his health for your sake and the day's, not for his. Long life to him! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt.

[*Scrooge suddenly notices that the Spirit has grown old and that its hair is gray.*]

Scrooge. Are spirits' lives so short?

Spirit. My life upon this globe is very brief; it ends to-night.

Scrooge. To-night?

Spirit. To-night at midnight. Hark! the time is drawing near.

Scrooge. I see something strange, and not be-

longing to yourself, protruding from your skirts. Is it a foot or a claw?

Spirit (sorrowfully). It might be a claw, for the little flesh there is on it. Look here. (*Bringing two wretched children from the folds of its robe.*) Oh, man, look, look down here.

Scrooge (horrified). Spirit, are they yours?

Spirit. They are Man's, and they cling to me. This boy is Ignorance. This girl is Want.

Scrooge. Have they no refuge?

Spirit (reproachfully). Are there no prisons? Are there no workshops?

[*Bell strikes twelve, and the Ghost of Christmas Present disappears.*]

SCENE V

PLACE: *Scrooge's home*

TIME: *Midnight, Christmas Eve*

Characters	{	Scrooge
	{	Spirit (Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come)
	{	First Speaker
	{	Second Speaker
	{	Third Speaker
	{	Fourth Speaker
	{	Mrs. Cratchit
	{	Peter
	{	Bob Cratchit

[*Just as the Ghost of Christmas Present disappears, a phantom slowly approaches Scrooge. It is*

shrouded in a black garment, concealing its head, its face, its form, — showing only one outstretched hand.]

Scrooge. Am I in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come?

[The Spirit does not answer, but points downward.]

Scrooge. You are about to show me shadows of the things that have not happened but will happen in the time before us. Is that so, Spirit?

[Scrooge is horrified because the Ghost still makes no answer.]

Scrooge. Ghost of the Future, I fear you more than any specter I have seen. But, as I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear you company, and to do it with a thankful heart. Will you not speak to me?

[Spirit makes no answer, but points straight ahead.]

Scrooge. Lead on! Lead on! The night is waning fast, and it is precious time to me, I know. Lead on, Spirit!

[The Spirit stops beside a little group of business men. Scrooge listens to their talk.]

First Speaker. No, I don't know much about it, either way. I only know he's dead.

Second Speaker. When did he die?

First Speaker. Last night, I believe.

Third Speaker. Why, what was the matter with him? I thought he'd never die.

First Speaker. God only knows.

Fourth Speaker. What has he done with his money?

First Speaker. I haven't heard. Left it to his company, perhaps. He hasn't left it to *me*. That's all I know.

Second Speaker. It's likely to be a very cheap funeral, for upon my life I don't know of anybody to go to it. Suppose we make up a party and volunteer?

Fourth Speaker. I don't mind going if a lunch is provided. But I must be fed if I make one.

First Speaker. Well, I am the most unselfish one among you, after all, for I never wear black gloves, and I never eat lunch. But I'll offer to go, if anybody else will. When I come to think of it, I'm not at all sure that I wasn't his most particular friend; for we used to stop and speak whenever we met. By-by!

[*The group stroll away.*]

Scrooge. Spirit, this is fearful. If there is any person in the town who feels emotion caused by this man's death, show that person to me, Spirit, I beseech you. Oh, let me see some tenderness connected with a death, or this heartless scene will be forever present with me.

[*Immediately they are in Bob Cratchit's house. Mother and children are sitting around the fire. Mrs. Cratchit lays her sewing upon the table and puts her hands to her eyes.*]

Mrs. Cratchit. The color hurts my eyes, but they'll be better directly. It makes them weak by candle light; and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home for the world. It must be near his time.

Peter. Past it, rather. But I think he's walked a little slower than he used these last few evenings, mother.

Mrs. Cratchit. I have known him walk with — I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder very fast, indeed.

Peter. And so have I, — often.

Mrs. Cratchit. But he was very light to carry, and his father loved him so that it was no trouble — no trouble. And there is your father at the door!

Bob Cratchit. My dear, I wish you could have gone to our little Tim's grave with me. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is, but you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little, little child! However and whenever we part from one another, I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim — shall we — or this first parting that there was among us.

All. Never, father!

Bob Cratchit. And I know, I know, my dears, that when we recollect how patient and how mild he was, although he was a little, little child, we shall not quarrel easily among ourselves, and forget Tiny Tim in doing it.

All. No, never, father.

Bob Cratchit. I am very happy, I am very happy.

Scrooge (clutching at the Spirit's robe). Spirit! hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me these sights if I am past all hope? Good Spirit, your nature intercedes for me, and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me, by an altered life! I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The spirits of all three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may wipe out the errors of my selfish life!

[*As Scrooge holds his hands in prayer to the Ghost, he sees it shrink, collapse, and dwindle down into a bed post.*]

SCENE VI

PLACE: *Scrooge's home.*TIME: *Morning of Christmas Day.*

Characters	{	Scrooge
		Boy
		Visitor in Scene II

Scrooge (awaking and scrambling out of bed). I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The spirits of all three shall strive within me. Heaven and the Christmas time be praised for this! (*Folding one of his bed curtains in his arms.*) They are not torn down, rings and all. They are here; I am here; the shadows of the things that would have been, may be dispelled. They will be. I know they will! (*Putting on his clothes.*) I don't know what to do! I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a schoolboy, I am as giddy as a drunken man. A Merry Christmas to everybody! A Happy New Year to all the world! Halloo here! Whoop! Halloo!

There's the saucepan that the gruel was in! There's the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Present sat! There's the window where I went out with the wandering spirits! It's all right, it's all true, it all happened. Ha, ha, ha!

I don't know what day of the month it is! I — I don't know how long I've been among the spirits.

I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind, I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Halloo! Whoop! Halloo there! (*Running to the window and calling to a boy who is passing.*) What's to-day?

Boy (wondering). Eh?

Scrooge. What's to-day, my fine fellow?

Boy. To-day! Why, CHRISTMAS DAY.

Scrooge. It's Christmas Day! I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Halloo, my fine fellow!

Boy. Halloo!

Scrooge. Do you know the poulterer's in the next street but one at the corner?

Boy. I should hope I did.

Scrooge. An intelligent boy! Do you know whether they have sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize turkey — the big one?

Boy. What, the one as big as me?

Scrooge. What a delightful boy! It's a pleasure to talk to him.

Boy. It's hanging there now.

Scrooge. Is it? Go and buy it. I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half a crown.

[*Boy runs off.*]

I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's. He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Halloo! Here's the turkey! How are you? Merry Christmas! Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden; you must have a cab.

[*Boy goes off with the turkey. Scrooge walks out into the street and meets the Visitor of Scene II.*]

Scrooge. My dear sir, how do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A Merry Christmas to you, sir.

Visitor. Mr. Scrooge?

Scrooge. Yes. That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness—
(*Scrooge whispers to him.*)

Visitor. Lord bless me! My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?

Scrooge. If you please. Not a farthing less. A great many back payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favor?

Visitor. My dear sir, I don't know what to say to such munifi—

Scrooge. Don't say anything, please. Come and see me. Will you come and see me?

Visitor. I will!

Scrooge. Thank'ee, I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you!

SCENE VII

PLACE : *Scrooge's warehouse*

TIME : *The day after Christmas, 9 : 15*

Characters { Scrooge
Bob Cratchit

Scrooge (growling). Halloo! What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?

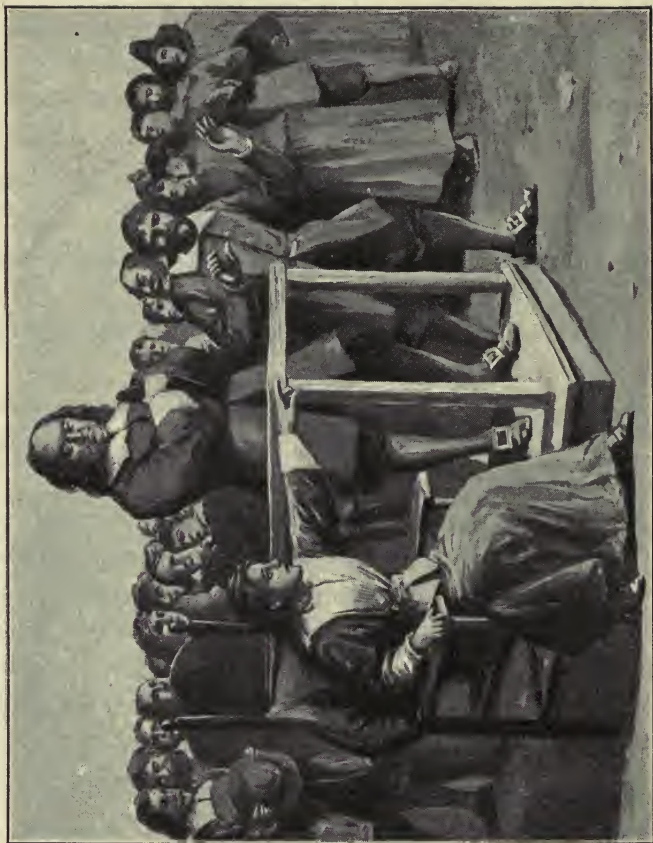
Bob Cratchit. I am very sorry, sir. I *am* behind my time.

Scrooge. You are? Yes, I think you are. Step this way, sir, if you please.

Bob Cratchit (pleadingly). It's only once a year, sir. It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir.

Scrooge. Now, I'll tell you what, my friend. I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore, and therefore, I am going to raise your salary. A Merry Christmas, Bob! A Merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family. Make up the fires, and buy another coal scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!

From "A Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens (adapted).



GILES COREY BEFORE THE COURT

(180)

GILES COREY OF THE SALEM FARMS

Giles Corey and Martha, his wife, had been suspected of witchcraft. Complaint had been made to the church and legal authorities. One night Martha Corey dreamed that she and Giles were in prison, fettered hand and foot; that they were taken before the magistrates, tried for witchcraft, and condemned to death. Very soon after, two of the church officers came to interview Martha Corey; and, notwithstanding all her denials of their accusations, both she and her husband were taken before Justice Hathorne for trial. Both were condemned for witchcraft; and because Giles Corey refused either to make confession or to plead "not guilty" he was condemned to be pressed to death with heavy weights.

ACT III

SCENE III: *A room in Corey's house. Martha and two Deacons, of the church*

Martha. Be seated. I am glad to see you here. I know what you are come for. You are come To question me, and learn from my own lips If I have any dealings with the Devil; In short, if I'm a Witch.

Deacon (sitting down). Such is our purpose. How could you know beforehand why we came?

Martha. 'Twas only a surmise.

Deacon. We came to ask you,

You being with us in church covenant,
What part you have, if any, in these matters.

Martha. And I make answer, No part whatsoever.

I am a farmer's wife, a working woman ;
You see my spinning-wheel, you see my loom,
You know the duties of a farmer's wife,
And are not ignorant that my life among you
Has been without reproach until this day.
Is it not true?

Deacon. So much we're bound to own ;
And say it frankly, and without reserve.

Martha. I've heard the idle tales that are
abroad ;
I've heard it whispered that I am a Witch ;
I cannot help it. I do not believe
In any Witchcraft. It is a delusion.

Deacon. How can you say that it is a delusion,
When all our learned and good men believe it? —
Our Ministers and worshipful Magistrates?

Martha. Their eyes are blinded, and see not
the truth.
Perhaps one day they will be open to it.

Deacon. You answer boldly. The Afflicted
Children
Say you appeared to them.

Martha. And did they say
What clothes I came in?

Deacon. No, they could not tell.

They said that you foresaw our visit here,
And blinded them, so that they could not see
The clothes you wore.

Martha. The cunning, crafty girls !
I say to you, in all sincerity,
I never have appeared to any one
In my own person. If the Devil takes
My shape to hurt these children, or afflict them,
I am not guilty of it. And I say
It's all a mere delusion of the senses.

Deacon. I greatly fear that you will find too late
It is not so.

Martha (rising). They do accuse me falsely.
It is delusion, or it is deceit.

* * * * *

ACT IV

SCENE II : *Interior of the meeting-house. Cotton Mather and the Magistrates seated in front of the pulpit. Before them on a raised platform Martha Corey in chains. Giles Corey near her. Mary Walcot in a chair. A crowd of spectators, among them John Gloyd. Confusion and murmurs during the scene*

Hathorne. Call Martha Corey.

Martha: I am here.

Hathorne. Come forward.

[*She ascends the platform.*]

The Jurors of our Sovereign Lord and Lady,
The King and Queen, here present, do accuse you
Of having on the tenth of June last past,

And divers other times before and after,
Wickedly used and practiced certain arts
Called Witchcrafts, Sorceries, and Incantations,
Against one Mary Walcot, single woman,
Of Salem Village; by which wicked arts
The aforesaid Mary Walcot was tormented,
Tortured, afflicted, pined, consumed, and wasted,
Against the peace of our Sovereign Lord and Lady,
The King and Queen, as well as of the Statute
Made and provided in that case. What say you?

Martha. Before I answer, give me leave to pray.

Hathorne. We have not sent for you, nor are
we here,

To hear you pray, but to examine you
In whatsoever is alleged against you.
Why do you hurt this person?

Martha. I do not.

I am not guilty of the charge against me.

Mary. Avoid, she-devil! You may torment me
now!

Avoid, avoid, Witch!

Martha. I am innocent.

I never had to do with any Witchcraft
Since I was born. I am a gospel woman.

Mary. You are a gospel Witch!

Martha (*clasping her hands*). Ah me! ah me!
Oh, give me leave to pray!

Mary (*stretching out her hands*). She hurts me
now.

See, she has pinched my hands!

Hathorne. Who made these marks

Upon her hands?

Martha. I do not know. I stand

Apart from her. I did not touch her hands.

Hathorne. Who hurt her, then?

Martha. I know not.

Hathorne. Do you think

She is bewitched?

Martha. Indeed I do not think so.

I am no Witch, and have no faith in Witches.

Hathorne. Then answer me: When certain persons came

To see you yesterday, how did you know
Beforehand why they came?

Martha. I had had speech.

The children said I hurt them, and I thought
These people came to question me about it.

Hathorne. How did you know the children had
been told

To note the clothes you wore?

Martha. My husband told me

What others said about it.

Hathorne. Goodman Corey,

Say, did you tell her?

Corey. I must speak the truth;

I did not tell her. It was some one else.

Hathorne. Did you not say your husband told
you so?

How dare you tell a lie in this assembly?
Who told you of the clothes? Confess the truth.

[Martha bites her lips, and is silent.]

You bite your lips, but do not answer me!

Mary. Ah, she is biting me! Avoid, avoid!

Hathorne. You said your husband told you.

Martha. Yes, he told me

The children said I troubled them.

Hathorne. Then tell me,

Why do you trouble them?

Martha. I have denied it.

Mary. She threatened me; stabbed at me with
her spindle;

And, when my brother thrust her with his sword,

He tore her gown, and cut a piece away.

Here are they both, the spindle and the cloth.

[Shows them.]

Hathorne. And there are persons here who
know the truth

Of what has now been said. What answer make
you?

Martha. I make no answer. Give me leave to
pray.

Hathorne. Whom would you pray to?

Martha. To my
God and Father.

Hathorne. Who is your God and Father?

Martha. The Almighty!

Hathorne. Doth he you pray to say that he is God?

It is the Prince of Darkness, and not God.

Mary. There is a dark shape whispering in her ear.

Hathorne. What does it say to you?

Martha. I see no shape.

Hathorne. Did you not hear it whisper?

Martha. I heard nothing.

Mary. What torture! Ah, what agony I suffer!

[*Falls into a swoon.*]

Hathorne. You see this woman cannot stand before you.

If you would look for mercy, you must look

In God's way, by confession of your guilt.

Why does your specter haunt and hurt this person?

Martha. I do not know. He who appeared of old In Samuel's shape, a saint and glorified, May come in whatsoever shape he chooses.

I cannot help it. I am sick at heart!

Corey. O Martha, Martha! let me hold your hand.

Hathorne. No; stand aside, old man.

Mary (starting up). Look there! Look there!

I see a little bird, a yellow bird,

Perched on her finger ; and it pecks at me.

Ah, it will tear mine eyes out !

Martha. I see nothing.

Hathorne. 'Tis the Familiar Spirit that attends her.

Mary. Now it has flown away. It sits up there Upon the rafters. It is gone ; is vanished.

Martha. Giles, wipe these tears of anger from mine eyes.

Wipe the sweat from my forehead. I am faint.

[*She leans against the railing.*]

Mary. Oh, she is crushing me with all her weight !

Hathorne. Did you not carry once the Devil's Book

To this young woman ?

Martha. Never.

Hathorne. Have you signed it, Or touched it ?

Martha. No ; I never saw it.

Hathorne. Did you not scourge her with an iron rod ?

Martha. No, I did not. If any Evil Spirit Has taken my shape to do these evil deeds, I cannot help it. I am innocent.

Hathorne. Did you not say the Magistrates were blind ?

That you would open their eyes ?

Martha (with a scornful laugh). Yes, I said that;
If you call me a sorceress, you are blind!
If you accuse the innocent, you are blind!
Can the innocent be guilty?

Hathorne. Did you not
On one occasion hide your husband's saddle
To hinder him from coming to the Sessions?

Martha. I thought it was a folly in a farmer
To waste his time pursuing such illusions.

Hathorne. What was the bird that this young
woman saw
Just now upon your hand?

Martha. I know no bird.

Hathorne. Have you not dealt with a Familiar
Spirit?

Martha. No, never, never!

Hathorne. What, then, was the
Book
You showed to this young woman, and besought
her
To write in it?

Martha. Where should I have a book?
I showed her none, nor have none.

Mary. The next Sabbath

Is the Communion Day, but Martha Corey
Will not be there!

Martha. Ah, you are all against me.
What can I do or say?

Hathorne. You can confess.

Martha. No, I cannot, for I am innocent.

Hathorne. We have the proof of many witnesses
That you are guilty.

Martha. Give me leave to speak.
Will you condemn me on such evidence, —
You who have known me for so many years?
Will you condemn me in this house of God,
Where I so long have worshiped with you all?
Where I have eaten the bread and drunk the wine
So many times at our Lord's Table with you?
Bear witness, you that hear me; you all know
That I have led a blameless life among you,
That never any whisper of suspicion
Was breathed against me till this accusation.
And shall this count for nothing? Will you take
My life away from me, because this girl,
Who is distraught, and not in her right mind,
Accuses me of things I blush to name?

Hathorne. What! is it not enough? Would you
hear more?
Giles Corey!

Corey. I am here.

Hathorne. Come forward, then.

[*Corey ascends the platform.*]

Is it not true, that on a certain night
You were impeded strangely in your prayers?
That something hindered you? and that you left

This woman here, your wife, kneeling alone
Upon the hearth?

Corey. Yes; I cannot deny it.

Hathorne. Did you not say the Devil hindered
you?

Corey. I think I said some words to that effect.

Hathorne. Is it not true, that fourteen head of
cattle,

To you belonging, broke from their inclosure
And leaped into the river, and were drowned?

Corey. It is most true.

Hathorne. And did you not then say
That they were overlooked?

Corey. So much I said.

I see; they're drawing' round me closer, closer,
A net I cannot break, cannot escape from! (*Aside.*)

Hathorne. Who did these things?

Corey. I do not know who did them.

Hathorne. Then I will tell you. It is someone
near you;

You see her now; this woman, your own wife.

Corey. I call the heavens to witness, it is false!
She never harmed me, never hindered me
In anything but what I should not do.
And I bear witness in the sight of heaven,
And in God's house here, that I never knew her
As otherwise than patient, brave, and true,
Faithful, forgiving, full of charity,
A virtuous and industrious and good wife!

Hathorne. Tut, tut, man; do not rant so in your speech;

You are a witness, not an advocate!

Here, Sheriff, take this woman back to prison.

Martha. O Giles, this day you've sworn away my life!

Mary. Go, go and join the Witches at the door. Do you not hear the drum? Do you not see them? Go quick. They're waiting for you. You are late.

[*Exit Martha; Corey following.*]

Corey. The dream! the dream! the dream!

Hathorne. What does he say?

Giles Corey, go not hence. You are yourself

Accused of Witchcraft and of Sorcery

By many witnesses. Say, are you guilty?

Corey. I know my death is foreordained by you —

Mine and my wife's. Therefore I will not answer.

[*During the rest of the scene he remains silent.*]

Hathorne. Do you refuse to plead? — 'Twere better for you

To make confession, or to plead Not Guilty. —

Do you not hear me? — Answer, are you guilty?

Do you not know a heavier doom awaits you,

If you refuse to plead, than if found guilty?

Where is John Gloyd?

Gloyd (coming forward). Here am I.

Hathorne.

Tell the Court;

Have you not seen the supernatural power
Of this old man? Have you not seen him do
Strange feats of strength?

Gloyd. I've seen him lead the field,
On a hot day, in mowing, and against
Us younger men; and I have wrestled with him.
He threw me like a feather. I have seen him
Lift up a barrel with his single hands,
Which two strong men could hardly lift together,
And, holding it above his head, drink from it.

Hathorne. That is enough; we need not ques-
tion further.

What answer do you make to this, Giles Corey?

Mary. See there! See there!

Hathorne. What is it? I see nothing.

Mary. Look! Look! It is the ghost of Robert
Goodell,

Whom fifteen years ago this man did murder
By stamping on his body! In his shroud
He comes here to bear witness to the crime!

[*The crowd shrinks back from Corey in horror.*]

Hathorne. Ghosts of the dead and voices of the
living

Bear witness to your guilt, and you must die!
It might have been an easier death. Your doom
Will be on your own head, and not on ours.
Twice more will you be questioned of these things;
Twice more have room to plead or to confess.

If you are contumacious to the Court,
And if, when questioned, you refuse to answer,
Then by the Statute you will be condemned
To the *peine forte et dure*! To have your body
Pressed by great weights until you shall be dead!
And may the Lord have mercy on your soul!

— From "Giles Corey of the Salem Farms," by Henry W. Longfellow.

THE GOLD-BUG

Mr. William Legrand lived in one of the most remote parts of Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, South Carolina. He was a well-educated man, the owner of many books, but he rarely employed them. His chief amusements were gunning and fishing, or sauntering along the coast in quest of shells or entomological specimens. In these excursions he was usually accompanied by an old negro, called Jupiter.

One October day a doctor, a friend of Legrand's, scrambled his way through the evergreens to the hut of his friend. He found Legrand very enthusiastic over a strange beetle.

SCENE I

<i>Characters</i>	{	William Legrand
		Doctor
		Jupiter, a negro servant

Mr. Legrand. I wish to have your opinion, Doctor, on this beetle to-morrow.

Doctor. And why not to-night?

Mr. Legrand. Ah, if I had only known you were to be here; but how could I foresee that you would pay me a visit this very night of all others? As I was coming home I met Lieutenant G—— from the fort, and, very foolishly, I lent him the bug; so it will be impossible for you to see it until the morning. Stay here to-night, and I will send

Jup down for it at sunrise. It is the loveliest thing in creation!

Doctor. What? — sunrise?

Mr. Legrand. Nonsense! no, the bug. It is of a brilliant gold color — about the size of a hickory nut — with two jet-black spots near one extremity of the back, and another, somewhat longer, at the other. The *antennæ* are —

Jupiter. Dey ain't *no* tin in him, Massa Will, I keep a-tellin' on you; de bug is a goole-bug, solid, ebery bit of him, inside and all, 'sep him wing; neber feel half so hebby a bug in my life.

Mr. Legrand. Well, suppose it is, Jup, is that any reason for your letting the supper burn? (*To the Doctor.*) The color is really almost enough to warrant Jupiter's idea. You never saw a more brilliant metallic luster than the scales' emit, but of this you cannot judge until to-morrow. In the meantime I can give you some idea of the shape. (*Taking a scrap of paper from his pocket.*) This will answer to draw upon.

Doctor (looking at the drawing). Well, this *is* a strange beetle, I must confess; new to me; never saw anything like it before — unless it was a skull, or a death's head — which it resembles more nearly than anything else that has come under *my* observation.

Mr. Legrand. A death's head! Oh — yes — well, it has something of that appearance upon

paper, no doubt. The two upper black spots look like eyes, eh? And the longer one at the bottom like a mouth; and then the shape of the whole is oval.

Doctor. Perhaps so, but, Legrand, I fear you are no artist. I must wait until I see the beetle itself, if I am to form any idea of its personal appearance.

Mr. Legrand. Well, I don't know; I draw tolerably — *should* do it at least — have had good masters, and flatter myself that I am not quite a blockhead.

Doctor. But, my dear fellow you are joking, then. This is a very passable *skull*, — indeed I may say that is a very *excellent* skull, and your beetle must be the queerest in the world if it resembles it. But where are the *antennæ* you spoke of?

Mr. Legrand. The *antennæ*! I am sure you must see the *antennæ*. I made them as distinct as they are in the original insect, and I presume that is sufficient.

Doctor. Well, well, perhaps you have — still I don't see them.

Mr. Legrand took the paper peevishly and was about to crumple it when something in the drawing seemed to rivet his attention. In an instant his face grew violently red — in another excessively pale. For some minutes he continued to scrutinize the drawing. At last he put the paper into a wallet and locked the wallet in his writing desk. As the evening wore away he became more and more abstracted. The Doctor had intended to pass the night at the hut; but, seeing his host in this mood, he decided to take leave.

SCENE II

About a month after this conversation the Doctor received a visit at Charleston from Jupiter, who looked troubled.

Doctor. Well, Jup, what is the matter now? How is your master?

Jupiter. Why, to speak de troof, massa, him not so berry well as mought be.

Doctor. Not well? I am truly sorry to hear it. What does he complain of?

Jupiter. Dar! dat's it! him neber 'plain of notin', but him berry sick for all dat.

Doctor. *Very* sick, Jupiter! Why didn't you say so at once? Is he confined to his bed?

Jupiter. No, dat he *ain't*; he ain't 'fined no-whar — dat's just whar de shoe pinch. My mind is got to be berry hebbly 'bout Massa Will.

Doctor. Jupiter, I should like to understand what it is you are talking about. You say your master is sick. Hasn't he told you what ails him?

Jupiter. Why, massa, 'tain't worf while for to git mad 'bout de matter. Massa Will say noffin' at all ain't de matter wid him; but den what makes him go about lookin' dis here way, wid his head down and he soldiers up, and as white as a gos'? And den he keep a syphon all de time —

Doctor. Keeps a what, Jupiter?

Jupiter. Keeps a syphon wid de figgers on de slate — de queerest figgers I ebber did see. Ise

gittin' to be skeered, I tell you. Hab for to keep mighty tight eye 'pon him noovers. Todder day he gib me slip 'fore de sun up, and was gone de whole ob de blessed day.

Doctor. Can you form no idea of what has caused this change of conduct? Has anything unpleasant happened since I saw you?

Jupiter. No, massa, dey ain't been noffin' onpleasant *since* den — 'twas *'fore* den, I'm feared; 'twas de berry day you was dar.

Doctor. How? what do you mean?

Jupiter. Why, massa, I mean de bug — dare now.

Doctor. The *what*?

Jupiter. De bug. I'm berry sartin dat Massa Will bin bit somewhere 'bout de head by dat goole-bug.

Doctor. And what cause have you, Jupiter, for such a supposition?

Jupiter. Claws enuff, massa, and mouff too. I nebber did see sich a bug; he kick and he bite ebery ting what come near him.

Doctor. And you think, then, that your master was really bitten by the beetle, and that the bite made him sick?

Jupiter. I don't tink noffin' about it — I knows it. What makes him dream 'bout de gool so much, if 'tain't cause he bit by de goole-bug?

Doctor. But how do you know he dreams about gold?

Jupiter. How I know? Why, 'cause he talk 'bout it in his sleep, dat's how I knows.

Doctor. Did you bring any message from Mr. Legrand?

Jupiter. No, massa, I bring dis here. (*Handing the Doctor a note.*)

Doctor (reading). "MY DEAR DOCTOR: Why have I not seen you for so long a time? Since I saw you I have had great cause for anxiety. I have something to tell you, yet scarcely know how to tell it, or whether I should tell it at all. If you can in any way make it convenient, come over to-night with Jupiter. *Do* come. I wish to see you *to-night* upon business of importance. I assure you it is of the highest importance.

"Ever yours,

"WILLIAM LEGRAND."

What business "of the highest importance" can he have to transact? Come, Jupiter, I'll get ready to go back with you.

SCENE III

About three in the afternoon the Doctor reached his friend's home. He found Mr. Legrand nervous and pale.

Doctor. Well, Legrand, have you obtained your beetle from Lieutenant G——?

Mr. Legrand. Oh, yes, I got it from him the next morning. Nothing should tempt me to part

with it. Do you know that Jupiter is quite right about it?

Doctor. In what way?

Mr. Legrand. In supposing it to be a bug of *real gold*. The bug is to make my fortune. Is it any wonder, then, that I prize it? Jupiter, bring it to me.

Jupiter. What! de bug, massa? I'd rudder not go fer trubble dat bug, — you mus' git him for your own self.

Mr. Legrand brings his friend the beetle. The scales are exceedingly hard and glossy, with all the appearance of burnished gold, and the weight of the insect is remarkable.

Mr. Legrand. I have sent for you that I might have your counsel and assistance —

Doctor. My dear Legrand, you are certainly unwell. You shall go to bed, and I will remain with you for a few days, until you get over this. You are feverish and —

Mr. Legrand. Feel my pulse.

Doctor. But you may be ill and yet have no fever. Allow me this once to prescribe for you. In the first place go to bed. In the next —

Mr. Legrand. You are mistaken. I am as well as I can expect to be under the excitement which I suffer. If you really wish me well, you will relieve this excitement.

Doctor. And how is this to be done?

Mr. Legrand. Very easily. Jupiter and I are going upon an expedition into the hills, upon the mainland, and in this expedition we shall need the aid of some person in whom we can confide. You are the only one we can trust.

Doctor. I am anxious to oblige you in any way, but do you mean to say that this infernal beetle has any connection with your expedition into the hills?

Mr. Legrand. It has.

Doctor. Then, Legrand, I can become a party to no such absurd proceeding.

Mr. Legrand. I am sorry — very sorry — for we shall have to try it by ourselves.

Doctor. Try it by yourselves! The man is surely mad! But stay, how long do you propose to be absent?

Mr. Legrand. Probably all night. We shall start immediately, and be back, at all events, by sunrise.

Doctor. And will you promise me upon your honor that when this freak of yours is over, and the bug business settled to your satisfaction, you will then return home and follow my advice implicitly, as that of your physician?

Mr. Legrand. Yes, I promise; and now let us be off, for we have no time to lose.

SCENE IV

The three men rowed across to the mainland and went in a northwesterly direction, through a tract of country excessively wild and desolate. Legrand led the way with decision, until at last they came to an enormously tall tulip tree.

Mr. Legrand. Jupiter, do you think you can climb that tree?

Jupiter. Yes, massa, Jup climb any tree he ebber see in he life.

Mr. Legrand. Then up with you as soon as possible, for it will soon be too dark to see what we are about.

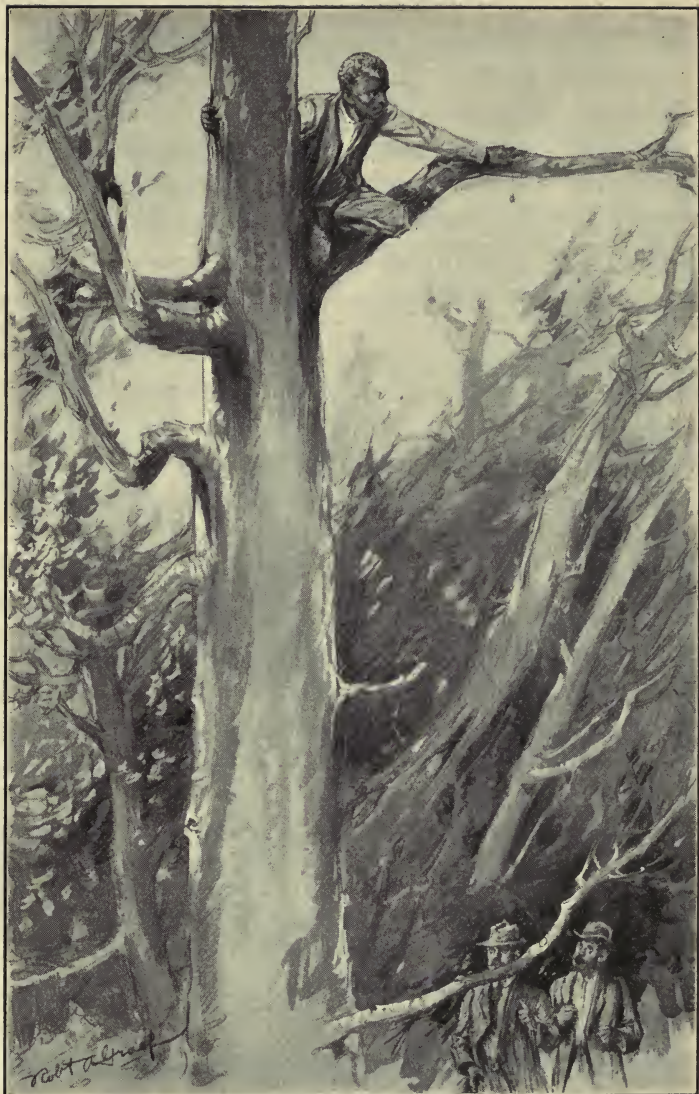
Jupiter. How far mus' go up, massa?

Mr. Legrand. Get up the main trunk first, and then I will tell you which way to go — and here — stop! take this beetle with you.

Jupiter (drawing back in dismay). De bug, Massa Will! de goole-bug! what for mus' tote de bug 'way up de tree?

Mr. Legrand. If you are afraid, Jup, a great big negro like you, to take hold of a harmless little dead beetle, why, you can carry it up by this string; but if you do not take it up with you in some way, I shall be under the necessity of breaking your head with this shovel.

Jupiter. What de matter now, massa? Always want for to raise fuss wid old nigger. Was only



funnin', anyhow. *Me* feered de bug! what I keer for de bug?

Jupiter carries the beetle by the extreme end of the string and climbs up sixty feet from the ground to the first great fork of the tree.

Jupiter. Which way mus' go now, Massa Will?

Mr. Legrand. Keep up the largest branch, — the one on this side.

[*Jupiter climbs still higher.*]

Jupiter. How much fudder is got for go?

Mr. Legrand. How high up are you?

Jupiter. Ebber so fur; can see de sky fru de top of de tree.

Mr. Legrand. Never mind the sky, but attend to what I say. Look down the trunk and count the limbs below you on this side. How many limbs have you passed?

Jupiter. One, two, three, four, fibe — I done pass fibe big limb, massa, 'pon dis side.

Mr. Legrand. Then go one limb higher. Then I want you to work your way out upon that limb as far as you can. If you see anything strange, let me know.

Jupiter. Mos' feerd for to venter 'pon dis limb berry far; 'tis dead limb putty much all de way.

Mr. Legrand (excited). Did you say it was a dead limb, Jupiter?

Jupiter. Yes, massa, him dead as de door-

nail — done up for sartin — done departed dis here life.

Mr. Legrand (*in great distress*). What in the name of Heaven shall I do?

Doctor. Do! why, come home and go to bed. Come, now! that's a fine fellow. It's getting late, and, besides, you remember your promise.

Mr. Legrand. Jupiter, do you hear me?

Jupiter. Yes, Massa Will, hear you ebber so plain.

Mr. Legrand. Try the wood well, then, with your knife, and see if you think it *very* rotten.

Jupiter. Him rotten, massa, sure 'nuff, but not so berry rotten as mought be. Mought venter out leetle way 'pon de limb by myself, dat's true.

Mr. Legrand. By yourself! What do you mean?

Jupiter. Why, I mean de bug. 'Tis *berry* hebby bug. S'pose I drop him down fust, and den de limb won't break wid just de weight of one nigger.

Mr. Legrand. You scoundrel! what do you mean by telling me such nonsense as that? As sure as you drop that beetle, I'll break your neck. Look here, Jupiter, do you hear me?

Jupiter. Yes, massa, needn't hollo at poor nigger dat style.

Mr. Legrand. Well! now listen! — if you will venture out on the limb as far as you think safe,

and not let go the beetle, I'll make you a present of a silver dollar as soon as you get down.

Jupiter. I'm goin', Massa Will, 'deed I is; mos' out to the eend now.

Mr. Legrand (*very much excited*). *Out to the end!* Do you say you are out to the end of that limb?

Jupiter. Soon be to the eend, massa, — o-o-o-o-oh! what *is* dis here 'pon de tree?

Mr. Legrand. Well, what is it?

Jupiter. Why, 'tain't noffin' but a skull. Somebody bin lef' him head up de tree, and de crows done gobble ebery bit ob de meat off.

Mr. Legrand. A skull, you say! Very well; how is it fastened to the limb? What holds it on?

Jupiter. Shure 'nuff, massa; mus' look. Why, dis berry curous sarcumstance, 'pon my word. Dare's a great big nail in de skull, what fastens ob it on to de tree.

Mr. Legrand. Well now, Jupiter, do exactly as I tell you — do you hear?

Jupiter. Yes, massa.

Mr. Legrand. Pay attention, then! find the left eye of the skull.

Jupiter. Hum! ho! dat's good! why, dare ain't no eye lef' at all.

Mr. Legrand. Oh, your stupidity! do you know your right hand from your left?

Jupiter. Yes, I nose dat — nose all about dat — 'tis my lef' hand what I chops de wood wid.

Mr. Legrand. To be sure! you are left-handed; and your left eye is on the same side as your left hand. Now, I suppose you can find the left eye of the skull, or the place where the left eye has been. Have you found it?

Jupiter (after a long pause). Is de lef' eye of de skull 'pon de same side as de lef' hand ob de skull, too? — 'cause the skull ain't got not a bit ob a hand at all. Nebber mind, I got de lef' eye now — here de lef' eye! what mus' do wid it?

Mr. Legrand. Let the beetle drop through it as far as the string will reach, but be careful and not let go your hold of the string.

Jupiter. All dat done, Massa Will; mighty easy thing for to put de bug fru de hole; look out for him dar below.

Legrand took the scythe and cleared with it a circular space three or four yards in diameter just beneath the hanging beetle. Then he ordered Jupiter to let go the string and come down from the tree. Legrand drove a peg into the ground at the precise spot where the insect fell. Then he fastened one end of a tape measure to the tree, unrolled it till it reached the peg, and then farther in the same direction for fifty feet. At that spot all three men fell to digging at Legrand's order. After digging for two hours, and excavating a hole four feet in diameter and seven feet deep, Legrand reluctantly gave the order to stop digging. Jupiter began to gather up his tools.

Mr. Legrand (seizing Jupiter by the collar). You scoundrel! You black villain! Speak, I tell you!

Answer me this instant! Which — which is your left eye?

Jupiter. Oh, my golly, Massa Will! ain't dis here my lef' eye for sartin? (*Pointing to his right eye.*)

Mr. Legrand. I thought so! I knew it! hurrah! Come! we must go back; the game's not up yet. Jupiter, come here. Was the skull nailed to the limb with the face outwards, or with the face to the limb?

Jupiter. De face was out, massa, so dat de crows could get at de eyes good, widout any trouble.

Mr. Legrand. Well, then, was it this eye or that through which you dropped the beetle? (*Touching both of Jupiter's eyes.*)

Jupiter (touching his right eye). 'Twas this one, massa, de lef' eye, jis as you tell me.

Mr. Legrand. That will do; we must try it again.

Legrand moved the peg about three inches to the westward, took direction and measurements as before and began digging in a place several yards distant from the first spot. In about an hour and a half a mass of human bones was uncovered. Then one or two strokes of the spade upturned the blade of a Spanish knife and three or four loose pieces of gold and silver coin. Suddenly the Doctor caught the toe of his boot in a large ring of iron, half buried in the loose earth, and presently they uncovered a box three and a half feet long, three feet broad, and two and a half feet deep. They drew back the sliding bolts, and the rays of the lantern flashed upon a confused heap of gold and jewels. Legrand appeared



exhausted with excitement. Jupiter fell upon his knees in the pit, and, burying his naked arms up to the elbows in gold, exclaimed: "And dis all cum ob de goole-bug, what I 'boosed in dat sabage kind ob style. Ain't you 'shamed ob yourself, nigger? Answer me dat!"

SCENE V

The chest was full to the brim, and Legrand and the Doctor spent the whole day and the greater part of the next night examining the contents. In coin there was rather more than four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. There was not a particle of silver. All was gold of antique date and of a great variety. There were diamonds—a hundred and ten in all, and not one of them small; eighteen rubies of remarkable brilliancy; three hundred and ten emeralds, all very beautiful; and twenty-one sapphires, with an opal. Besides all this, there was a vast quantity of solid gold ornaments—nearly two hundred massive gold finger and ear rings; rich chains—thirty of these; eighty-three very large and heavy crucifixes; five gold censers of great value; a prodigious golden punch-bowl, and many other smaller articles. There were one hundred and ninety-seven gold watches, all richly jewelled and in cases of great worth. When they had concluded their examination, Legrand gave the details of all the circumstances connected with this most extraordinary riddle.

Mr. Legrand. You remember the night when I handed you the rough sketch I had made of the beetle? When you handed me the scrap of parchment—

Doctor. The scrap of paper, you mean.

Mr. Legrand. No, when I came to draw upon it, I discovered that it was parchment. It was very dirty, you remember. I was about to crumple it up, when, to my astonishment, I saw the figure of a

death's head just where I had made the drawing of the beetle. Upon turning over the paper, I saw my own sketch just as I had made it. I knew that there was *no* drawing upon the paper when I had made my sketch. The spot where we discovered the beetle was on the mainland, about a mile eastward of the island. Upon my taking hold of it, it gave me a sharp bite, which caused me to let it drop. Jupiter, looking about for something to take hold of it with, found this scrap of paper half buried in the sand. Near the spot where we found it was the remnant of what had been a ship's long boat. You are probably wondering what connection there is in all this. I reply that the skull, or death's head, is the well-known emblem of the pirate. The flag of the death's head is hoisted in all engagements.

Doctor. But you say that the skull was not upon the parchment when you made the drawing of the beetle. How, then, do you trace any connection between the boat and the skull?

Mr. Legrand. When you took that paper from me, you sat down near the fire, so near that at one time I feared that the paper would drop from your hand into the blaze. When I considered all these particulars, I doubted not for a moment that *heat* had brought to light upon the parchment the skull which I saw upon it. I held every part of the parchment over glowing heat, and after a little while there became visible, at the corner of the slip,

diagonally opposite from the drawing of the death's head, the figure of what I at first supposed to be a goat. A closer scrutiny satisfied me that it was a kid.

Doctor. Ha! ha! to be sure I have no right to laugh at you, — a million and a half of money is too serious a matter for mirth, — but pirates, you know, have nothing to do with goats.

Mr. Legrand. But I have said that the figure was *not* that of a goat.

Doctor. Well, a kid, then — pretty much the same thing.

Mr. Legrand. Pretty much, but not altogether. You may have heard of one *Captain Kidd*. I at once looked upon the figure of the animal as a kind of signature. You have heard, of course, the many stories afloat about money buried somewhere upon the Atlantic coast by Kidd and his associates. I felt a hope that the parchment held a lost record of the place of deposit.

Doctor. But how did you proceed?

Mr. Legrand. I washed the parchment thoroughly, and then put it into a pan over lighted charcoal. In a few minutes I took the parchment out and found these characters on it.

53‡‡‡305))6*;4826)4‡); 806*;48†8¶(60))
 85;;]8*;‡8†83(88)5*†;46(;88*96*?;8)*‡(;485);
 5*†2*‡(;4956*2(5* - 4)8¶(8*;4069285);)9†8)
 4‡‡;1(†9;48081;8:8‡1;48†85;4)485†528806*
 81(†9;48;(88;4(‡?34;48)4‡;161;188;‡?;

Doctor. But I am as much in the dark as ever. Were all the jewels of Golconda awaiting me on my solution of this enigma, I am quite sure that I should be unable to earn them.

Mr. Legrand. And yet the solution is not difficult. These characters form a cipher; that is to say, they convey a meaning.

Doctor. And you really solved it?

Mr. Legrand. Readily; I have solved others much more difficult. I have always taken interest in such riddles.

Doctor. I suppose you missed the right spot, in the first attempt at digging, through Jupiter's stupidity in letting the bug fall through the right instead of through the left eye of the skull.

Mr. Legrand. Precisely. But for my conviction that treasure was here somewhere actually buried, we might have had all our labor in vain.

Doctor. Now there is only one point which puzzles me. What are we to make of the skeleton found in the hole?

Mr. Legrand. I am no more able to answer that question than you. It is clear that Kidd—if he secreted this treasure—must have had assistance. But when the labor was ended, he may have thought it best to remove all sharers in his secret.

From "The Gold-bug," by Edgar Allan Poe (adapted).

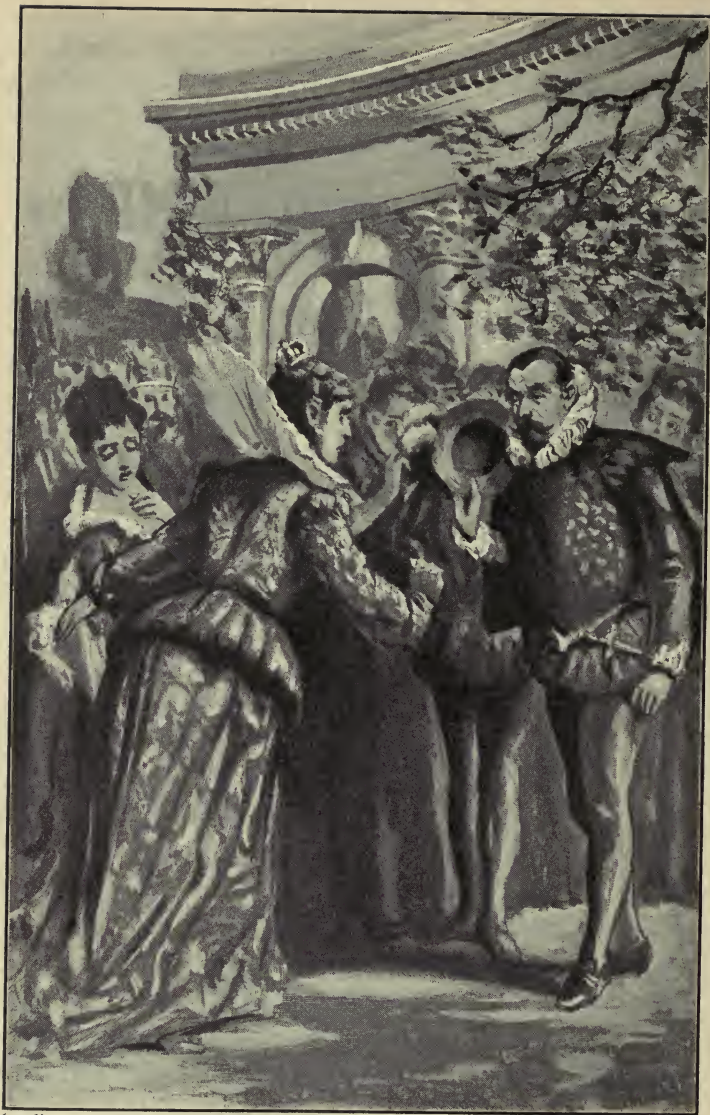
A SCENE AT KENILWORTH CASTLE

Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, had married secretly Amy Robsart. He was generally thought to be Queen Elizabeth's favorite courtier, and she had shown him so many marks of her favor that he feared her anger if she should know of his secret marriage. The Queen and her court had come to Kenilworth, Lord Leicester's castle, for the May revels. Amy, Leicester's wife, had also come to Kenilworth, having escaped from the house in Cumnor Place, where she was attended by Richard Varney, Lord Leicester's servant. The earl meant to tell the Queen of his marriage, but she found it out for herself; for as she was strolling about the estate, she suddenly came upon Amy, who was vainly trying to hide in a grotto from the approaching party.

SCENE I

<i>Characters</i>	{	Queen Elizabeth
		Amy, Earl of Leicester's wife
		Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester
		Earl of Shrewsbury
		Earl of Hunsdon
	{	Sir Richard Varney, Leicester's servant

Queen. How now, fair nymph of this lovely grotto,—art thou spellbound and struck with dumbness by the wicked enchanter whom men term Fear? We are his sworn enemy, maiden, and can reverse his charm. Speak, we command thee.



[*Amy falls on her knees before the Queen in an agony of fear.*]

What may this mean? This is a stronger passion than suits the occasion. Stand up, damsel; what wouldst thou have with us?

Amy. Your protection, madam.

Queen. Each daughter of England has it while she is worthy of it. Why, and in what, do you care for protection?

Amy (frightened). Alas! I know not.

Queen. This is folly, maiden. The sick man must tell his malady to the physician. Nor are we accustomed to ask questions so oft, without receiving an answer.

Amy (stammering). I request — I implore — I beseech your gracious protection — against — one, Varney.

Queen. What, Varney — Sir Richard Varney — the servant of Lord Leicester! What, damsel, are you to him, or he to you?

Amy. I — I — was his prisoner — and he practiced on my life — and I broke forth — to — to —

Queen. To throw thyself on my protection, doubtless. Thou shalt have it, — that is, if thou art worthy; for we will sift this matter to the uttermost. Thou art Amy, daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart, of Lidcote Hall.

Amy. Forgive me — forgive me — most gracious princess!

Queen. For what should I forgive thee, silly wench? For being the daughter of thine own father? Thou art brain-sick, surely. Well, I see I must wring the story from thee by inches. Thou didst deceive thine old and honored father, — thy look confesses it, — and married this same Varney.

Amy (springing to her feet). No, madam, no; I am not the wretch you think me. I am not the wife of that villain! I am not the wife of Varney!

Queen. Why, woman, I see thou canst talk fast enough. Tell me, woman, whose wife art thou? Speak out, and be speedy. Thou wert better dally with a lioness than with Elizabeth.

Amy. The Earl of Leicester knows it all.

Queen. The Earl of Leicester! The Earl of Leicester! Woman, he takes no keep of such things as thou art. Thou art slandering the noblest lord and the truest-hearted gentleman in England! But thou shalt have thy hearing, and that in his presence. Come with me; come with me instantly!

[The Queen seizes Amy by the arm and walks quickly toward the Earl of Leicester.]

Where is my Lord of Leicester? Stand forth, my Lord of Leicester! Knowest thou this woman?

[Leicester kneels low before Elizabeth.]

Leicester, could I think thou hast practiced on me, — on me, thy sovereign, — base and ungrateful deception, by all that is holy, false lord, that head of

thine were in as great peril as ever was thy father's.

Leicester. My head cannot fall but by the sentence of my peers. To them I will plead, and not to a princess who thus requites my faithful service.

Queen (looking around). What! my lords, we are defied, I think; defied in the castle we have ourselves bestowed on this proud man! My Lord Shrewsbury, you are marshal of England, attach him of high treason.

Shrewsbury. Whom does your Grace mean?

Queen. Whom should I mean but that traitor Dudley, Earl of Leicester! Cousin of Hunsdon, take him into instant custody! Make haste!

Hunsdon. And it is like your Grace might order me to the tower to-morrow for making too much haste. I do beseech you to be patient.

Queen. Patient! Name not the word to me! Thou know'st not of what he is guilty!

Amy (kneeling before the Queen). He is guiltless, madam, he is guiltless. No one can lay aught to the charge of the noble Leicester.

Queen. Why, minion, didst not thou thyself say that the Earl of Leicester knew'st thy whole history?

Amy. Did I say so? Oh, if I did, I foully belied him.

Queen. Woman! I will know who has moved thee to this; or my wrath — and the wrath of kings

is a flaming fire — shall wither and consume thee like a weed in the furnace.

Varney (rushing up to the group). Pardon, my liege, pardon! or at least let your justice avenge itself on me, where it is due; but spare my noble, my generous, my innocent patron and master!

Amy (starting up). I beseech your Majesty, imprison me in the lowest dungeon of the castle! Deal with me as with the worst of criminals, but spare me the sight of that most shameless villain!

Queen. And why? What hath he done to thee?

Amy. Oh, worse than sorrow, madam; I shall go mad if I look longer on him!

Queen. I think thou art distraught already. My Lord Hunsdon, look to this poor distressed young woman, and let her be safely bestowed and in honest keeping till we require her forthcoming.

Hunsdon. She is a lovely child; and, though a rough nurse, your Grace hath given her a kind one. She is safe with me as one of my own ladybirds of daughters.

Queen. My Lord of Hunsdon says well; he is indeed but a rough nurse for so tender a babe. (*To Varney.*) Speak, Sir Richard, and explain these riddles.

Varney. Your Majesty's piercing eye has already detected the cruel malady of my beloved lady.

Queen. She is then distraught? Indeed, we doubted not of it. I found her moping in a corner

of yonder grotto; and every word she spoke — which indeed I dragged from her as by the rack — she instantly recalled and forswore. But how came she hither? Why had you her not in safe-keeping?

Varney. My gracious Liege, the worthy gentleman under whose charge I left her has come hither just now, as fast as man and horse can travel, to tell me of her escape. He is at hand for examination.

Queen. Let it be for another time. But, Sir Richard, we envy you not your domestic happiness. Your lady seemed ready to swoon on beholding you.

Varney. It is the nature of persons in her disorder, so please your Grace, to be ever most bitter against their nearest and dearest.

Queen. We have heard so indeed.

Varney. May your Grace then be pleased to command my unfortunate wife to be delivered into the keeping of her friends?

Queen. You are something too hasty, Master Varney; we will have first a report of the lady's health from our own physician. You shall see her, however, so that if there be any quarrel betwixt you, you may make it up, without further scandal to our court, or trouble to ourselves. (*Turning to Leicester.*) My Lord of Leicester, you are offended with us, and we have right to be offended with you. We will take the lion's part upon us, and be the first to forgive.

SCENE II

<i>Characters</i>	{	Queen Elizabeth
		Sir Edmund Tressilian
		Lord Burleigh
		Earl of Leicester

The next day the Earl of Leicester confessed to the Queen his secret marriage. The Queen sent post-haste for Sir Edmund Tressilian, a life-long friend of the Robsart family. When he was admitted to the Queen's presence, he found Leicester, his arms crossed, and his brows bent on the ground, kneeling motionless before the empty chair of state, from which the Queen had just started angrily.

Queen (to Tressilian). Ho, sir! *you* knew of this fair work! You are an accomplice in this deception which has been practiced upon us! Thou know'st of this affair, dost thou not?

Tressilian. Not, gracious madam, that this poor lady was Countess of Leicester.

Queen. Nor shall any one know her for such. Death of my life! Countess of Leicester! I say Dame Amy Dudley—and well if she hath not cause to write herself widow of the traitor, Robert Dudley.

Leicester. Madam, do with me what it may be your will to do; but work no injury on this gentleman; he hath in no way deserved it.

Queen (rushing up to Leicester). And will he be better for thy intercession, thou doubly false! I could tear out mine eyes for their blindness!

Burleigh (aside). Madam, remember that you are a queen — Queen of England — mother of your people. Give not way to this wild storm of passion.

Queen (aside). Burleigh, thou art a statesman, — thou dost not, thou canst not, comprehend half the scorn, half the misery, that man has poured upon me!

Burleigh (leading the Queen aside). Madam, I am a statesman, but I am also a man who cannot have a wish on earth but your glory and happiness. I pray you to be composed.

Queen. Ah, Burleigh, thou little knowest —

Burleigh. I do — I do know, my honored sovereign.

Queen (approaching Leicester). My Lord Shrewsbury, we discharge you of your prisoner. My Lord Leicester, rise and take up your sword. A quarter of an hour's restraint, under the custody of our marshal is, we think, no high penance for the months of falsehood practiced upon us. My Lord of Leicester, it is now your turn to tell us the truth, an exercise to which you seem of late to have been too much a stranger.

Leicester. Madam, I have been much to blame, — more even than your just resentment has expressed. Yet, madam, let me say that my guilt was not unprovoked; and that if beauty and favor could tempt the frail heart of a human being, I might

plead both as the causes of my concealing this secret from your Majesty.

Queen (angrily). Now, by Heaven, my lord, thy audacity passes the bounds of belief as well as of patience! But it shall avail thee nothing. What, ho! my lords, come all and hear the news. My Lord of Leicester's stolen marriage has cost England a king! Now, is this not too insolent? I could not grace him with a few marks of court favor but he must presume to think my hand and crown at his disposal! You, however, think better of me; and I can pity this ambitious man as I could a child whose bubble of soap has burst between his hands. We go to the presence chamber. My Lord of Leicester, we command your close attendance on us. (*Turning to the nobles near her.*) The revels of Kenilworth are not yet exhausted, my lords and ladies; we are to solemnize the noble owner's marriage. I see you are dying of curiosity to know the happy bride. It is Amy Robsart, the same who yesterday figured as the wife of his servant, Varney.

Leicester (in a low tone). I beg you, madam, take my head, as you threatened in your anger, and spare me these taunts! Urge not a falling man; tread not on a crushed worm.

Queen. A worm, my lord? Nay, a snake is the more exact likeness.

Leicester (aside). For your own sake — for

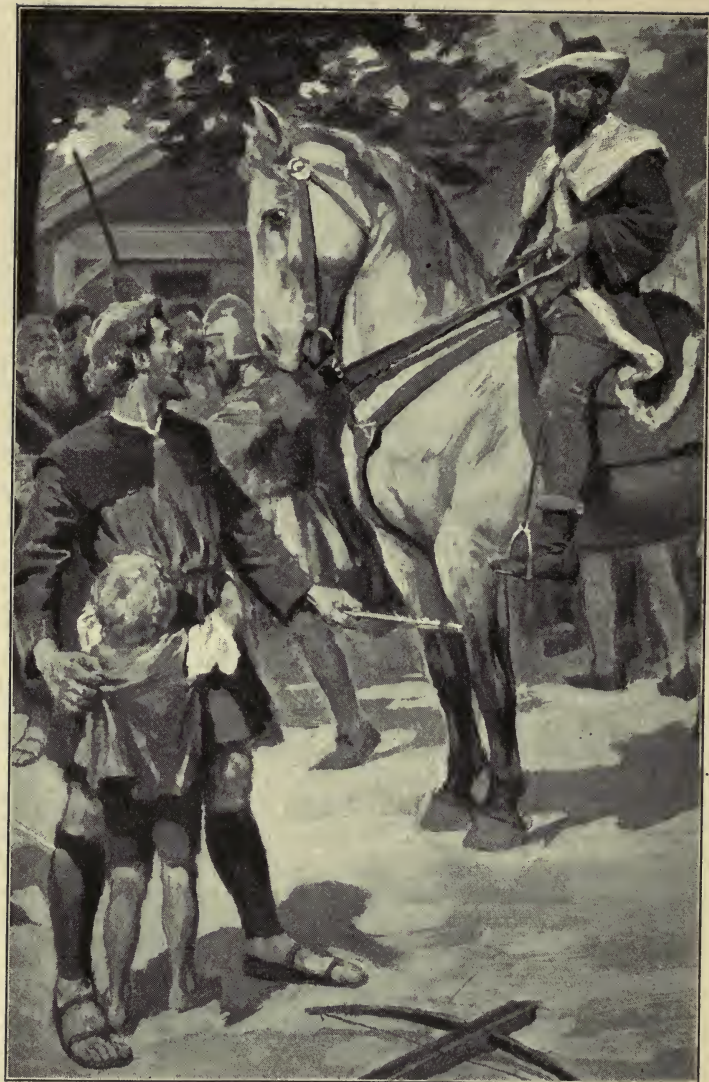
mine, madam, while there is yet some reason left in me —

Queen (aloud). Speak aloud, my lord, and at further distance, so please you; your breath thaws our ruff. What have you to ask of us?

Leicester (humbly). Permission to travel to Cumnor Place.

Queen. To fetch home your bride? Why, aye, that is right. But, my lord, you go not in person. We have counted upon passing certain days in this Castle of Kenilworth, and it were slight courtesy to leave us without a landlord during our residence here. Tressilian and Raleigh shall go to Cumnor Place instead of you. Take a sufficient force with you, gentlemen; bring the lady here; lose no time, and God be wi' you!

From "Kenilworth," by Sir Walter Scott (adapted).



SCENES FROM "WILLIAM TELL"

According to Swiss tradition William Tell, early in the fourteenth century, rescued his native district from the tyranny of Austria, when Gesler, the tyrant steward of the Duke of Austria, was barbarous in his treatment of the Swiss. Wars with Austria followed, and the contest ended in the independence of Switzerland.

The two following scenes show the result of the revolt of Tell and the people of his district. Gesler's men, though at first overpowered by Tell and his followers, finally made Tell a prisoner and brought him in chains before Gesler.

A short time before Tell's arrest Gesler, wandering through the mountain passes, had lost his way and had been guided to his home by a young mountain boy (Tell's son, Albert), who had refused to tell his father's name to the tyrant lest harm might come to him and his parents. Gesler refused to let him go back to his home unless he would divulge his father's name.

SCENE I

PLACE: *A chamber in the castle*

<i>Characters</i>	{	Gesler
		Rodolph
		Gerard
		Lutold
		Sarnem
		Albert

[*Enter Gesler, with Rodolph, Lutold, Gerard, and officers.*]

Gesler (to Rodolph). Double the guards. Stay!
place your trustiest men

At the postern. Stop! You'd go with half your errand:

I'll tell you when to go! Let every soul
Within the walls be under arms! The sick
That do not keep their beds, or can rise from them,
Must take a weapon! The slaves will come,
In torrents from the hills, and, like a flood,
O'erwhelm us! Lutold, 'tis our final order,
On pain of death, no quarter shall be given!
What word now? (*To Rodolph, who reënters.*)

Rodolph. 'Twas a false alarm. The people
Paid prompt submission to your order; one
Alone resisted, whom they have secured,
And bring in chains before you.

Gesler. So—I breathe
Again! 'Twas false, then, that our soldiers fled?

Rodolph. 'Twas but a party of them fled, my
lord;
Which, reënforced, return'd and soon o'erpower'd
The rash offender.

Gesler. What! fled they from one?
A single man? How many were there?

Rodolph. Four,
With Sarnem.

Gesler. Sarnem! Did he fly?

Rodolph. He did;
But 'twas for succor.

Gesler. Succor! One to four. I should like
to see

That man.

Rodolph. He's here.

Gesler. Your swords!—Stand near me!—

Beckon some of those

About me. I would be attended. If

He stirs, dispatch him.

Rodolph. He's in chains, my lord.

Gesler. I see—I see he is.

[*Enter Sarnem and soldiers with Tell in chains.*]

Sarnem. Down, slave!

Behold the governor. Down!—Down! and beg
For mercy!

Gesler. Does he hear?

Sarnem. Debate it not.

Be prompt. Submission, slave! Thy knee—thy
knee!

Or with thy life thou playest.

Rodolph. Let's force him to

The ground.

Gesler. Can I believe my eyes? He smiles!

Gerard. Why don't you smite him for that
look?

Gesler. He grasps

His chains as he would make a weapon of them
To lay the smiter dead. What kind of man
Is this, that looks, in thraldom, more at large,
Than they who lay it on him?

Rodolph. Lo you, how

The caitiff scowls! Pull out his eyes!

Lutold. Lop off
A limb for him.

Gesler. Why speak'st thou not?

Tell. For wonder.

Gesler. Wonder!

Tell. Yes,
That thou shouldst seem a man!

Gesler. What should I seem?

Tell. A monster!

Gesler. Ha! Beware — think on thy chains.

Tell. Though they were doubled — though they
weigh'd me down

Prostrate to the earth, methinks I could rise up
Erect with nothing but the honest pride
Of telling thee, usurper, to the teeth,
Thou art a monster! Think upon thy chains!
How came they on me?

Gesler. Darest thou question me?

Tell. Darest thou not answer?

Gesler. Do I hear?

Tell. Thou dost!

Gesler. Beware my vengeance!

Tell. Can it more than kill?

Gesler. Enough, it can do that.

Tell. No; not enough!

It cannot take away the grace of life.

Gesler. But it can make thee writhe?

Tell. It may!

Gesler. And groan?

Tell. It may; and I may cry
Go on, though it should make me groan again!

Gesler. Whence comest thou?

Tell. From the mountains. Wouldst thou learn
What news from thence?

Gesler. Canst tell me any?

Tell. Aye!

They watch no more the avalanche.

Gesler. Why so?

Tell. Because they look for thee!

Gesler. Where is thy abode?

Tell. I told thee — in the mountains.

Gesler. How lies it? — north or south?

Tell. Nor north, nor south.

Gesler. Is't to the east or west, then?

Tell. Where it lies

Concerns thee not.

Gesler. It does!

Tell. And if it does,

Thou shalt not learn.

Gesler. Art married? .

Tell. Married! — Yes.

Gesler. And hast a family?

Tell. A son.

Gesler. A son!

Sarnem!

Sarnem. My lord, the boy!

[*Gesler signs to Sarnem to keep silence, and, whispering, sends him off.*]

Tell (*aside*). The boy! — What boy?
Is't mine? — and have they netted my young fledg-
ling?
Now Heaven support me, if they have! He'll own
me,
And share his father's ruin! But a look
Would put him on his guard — yet how to give it!
Now, heart, thy nerve: forget thou'rt flesh — be
rock!
They come — They come! — That step! —
That step! — So light upon the ground!
How heavy does it fall upon my heart!
I feel my child! — 'Tis he!
We can but perish.

[*Enter Sarnem with Albert, whose eyes are riveted
on Tell's bow, which Sarnem carries.*]

Albert (*aside*). Yes; I was right. It is my
father's bow!

For there's my father! I'll not own him, though!

Sarnem. See!

Albert. What?

Sarnem. Look there.

Albert. What would you have me see?

Sarnem. Thy father.

Albert. That is not my father, sir.

Tell. My boy — my boy — my own brave boy!
He's safe!

Sarnem (*aside to Gesler*). They're like each other.

Gesler. Yet I see no sign
Of recognition to betray the tie
That binds a father and his child.

Sarnem. My lord,
I'm sure it is his father. Look at them.

Gesler (rises). We shall try.
Lead forth the caitiff!

Sarnem. To a dungeon?

Gesler. No.
Into the court.

Sarnem. The court, my lord?

Gesler. And tell
The headsman to make ready. Quick! He dies!
The slave shall die! You mark'd the boy?

Sarnem. I did.
He started — 'Tis his father!

Gesler. We shall see.
Away with him!

Tell. Stop! stay!

Gesler. What would you?

Tell. Time, —
A little time to call my thoughts together!

Gesler. Thou shalt not have a minute.

Tell. Some one then,
To speak with!

Gesler. Hence with him!

Tell. A moment, stop!
Let me speak to the boy.

Gesler. Is he thy son?

Tell. And if

He were, art thou so lost to nature as
To send me forth before his face to die?

Gesler. Well, speak with him. Now, Sarnem,
mark them well.

[*Albert goes to Tell.*]

Tell. Thou dost not know me, boy; and well
for thee

Thou dost not. I'm the father of a son
About thy age. I dare not tell thee where
To find him, lest he should be found of those
'Twere not so safe for him to meet with. Thou,
I see, wast born, like him, upon the hills;
If thou shouldst scape thy present thralldom, thou
Mayst chance to cross him; if thou shouldst, I pray
thee

Relate to him what has been passing here,
And say I laid my hand upon thy head,
And said to thee — If he were here, as thou art,
Thus would I bless him. Mayst thou live, my boy,
To see thy country free, or die for her
As I do!

Sarnem. Mark! — He weeps.

Tell. Were he my son,
He would not shed a tear!
Now were he by, I'd talk to him, and his cheek
Should never blanch, nor moisture dim his eye, —
I'd talk to him! —

Sarnem. He falters.

Tell. 'Tis too much !

And yet it must be done ! I'd talk to him —

Gesler. Of what ?

Tell (turns to Gesler). The mother, tyrant, whom
thou dost make

A widow of ! I'd talk to him of her ! (*Turns to
Albert.*)

I'd bid him tell her, next to *liberty*,

Her name was the last words my lips pronounced !

And I would charge him never to forget

To love and cherish her, as he would have

His father's dying blessing rest upon him !

Sarnem. You see, what one suggests, the other
acts.

Tell (aside). So well he bears it, I almost give
way !

My boy ! my boy ! — O for the hills ! — the hills !

To see him bound along their tops again —

Sarnem. Was there not all the father in that
look ?

Gesler. Yet 'tis against nature.

Sarnem. Not if he believes

Owning the boy, the son belike might share

The father's fate.

Gesler. I did not think of that !

I thank thee, Sarnem, for the thought. 'Tis well

The boy is not thy son. He is about

To die along with thee.

Tell. To die! For what?

Gesler. For having braved my power, as thou hast!

Lead

Them forth.

Tell. He's but a child.

Gesler. Away with them!

Tell. Perhaps an only child.

Gesler. No matter.

Tell. He

May have a mother.

Gesler. So the viper hath;

And yet who spares it for the mother's sake?

Tell. I talk to stone! I talk to it as though
'Twere flesh, yet know 'tis none!

— Come, my boy! I taught thee how to live! —
I'll show thee how to die —

Gesler. He is thy child!

Tell (*bursting into tears, and embracing Albert*).

He is my child!

Gesler. I've wrung a tear from him! Thy
name?

Tell. My name?

It matters not to keep it from thee now;

My name is Tell.

Gesler. What! — William Tell?

Tell. The same.

Gesler. What! he so famed 'bove all his country-
men

For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat?

And such a master of his bow, 'tis said
His arrows never miss? — Indeed! — I'll take
Exquisite vengeance! — Mark! — I'll spare thy life,
Thy boy's, too. — Both of you are free — on one condition.

Tell. Name it.

Gesler. I would see you make
A trial of your skill with that same bow
You shoot so well with.

Tell. Please you, name the trial
You would have me make.

Gesler. You look upon your boy
As though instinctively you guess'd it.

Tell. Look
Upon my boy! — What mean you? Look upon
My boy as though I guess'd it! — Guess'd the trial
You would have me make! Guess'd it, instinctively!
Instinctively! You do not mean? — No! — No! —
You would not have me make a trial of
My skill upon my child! Impossible!
I do not guess your meaning.

Gesler. I would see
Thee hit an apple at the distance of
A hundred paces.

Tell. Is my boy to hold it?

Gesler. No.

Tell. No! — I'll send the arrow through the
core!

Gesler. It is to rest upon his head.

Tell. O Nature!

Thou hear'st him!

Gesler. Thou dost hear the choice I give —
Such trial of the skill, thou'rt master of,
Or death to both of you, not otherwise
To be escaped.

Tell. Oh, monster!

Gesler. Wilt thou do it?

Albert. He will! he will!

Tell. Ferocious monster! Make
A father murder his own child!

Gesler. Take off
His chains, if he consents.

Tell. With his own hand!

Gesler. Does he consent?

Albert. He does.

[*Gesler signs to his officers, who proceed to take off
Tell's chains, Tell all the while unconscious of
what they do.*]

Tell. With his own hand! —

Murder his child with his own hand!

The hand I've led him, when an infant, by!

'Tis beyond horror — 'Tis most horrible!

Amazement! — 'Tis too much for flesh and blood
To bear! — I should be made of steel to stand it!

And I believe I am, almost, about

To turn to some such thing; for feeling grows
Benumb'd within me, that I seem to lose

Almost the power of hating him, and all's
A calm, where all, but now, was raging tempest!

[His chains, which they have been employed in unloosing, fall off.]

What!—Do you make me ready, while I wist not?

[Lifts the manacles from the ground, and holds them to the soldiers.]

Villains! put on my chains again. My hands
Are free from blood! and have no gust for it,
That they would drink my child's!—Here!—
Here!—I'll not

Murder my boy for Gesler!

Albert. Father—Father!

You will not hit me, father!

Tell. Hit thee!—Send

The arrow through thy brain!—or, missing that,
Shoot out an eye!—or, if thine eye escapes,
Mangle the cheek I've seen thy mother's lips
Cover with kisses!—Hit thee!—Hit a hair
Of thee, and cleave thy mother's heart! Who's he
That bids me do it!—Show him me,—the
monster!

Make him perceptible unto my reason
And heart! In vain my senses vouch for it!
I hear he lives!—I see it!—but it is
A prodigy that nature can't believe!

Gesler. Dost thou consent?

Tell. Give me my bow and quiver.

Gesler. For what?

Tell. To shoot my boy!

Albert. No, father! no,

To save me! — You'll be sure to hit the apple.

Will you not save me, father?

Tell. Lead me forth! —

I'll make the trial!

Albert. Thank you!

Tell. Thank me! — Do

You know for what? — I will not make the trial,

To take him to his mother in my arms,

And lay him down a corse before her!

Gesler. Then

He dies this moment; and you, certainly,

Murder the child, whose life you have a chance

To save, and will not use it.

Tell. Well — I'll do it:

I'll make the trial.

Albert (runs up to Tell and embraces him). Father!

SCENE II

<i>Characters</i>	{	Gesler
		Tell
		Verner
		Albert
		Sarnem
		Lutold
	{	Michael

[*Enter burghers and women, Lutold, Rodolph, Gerald, Sarnem, Gesler, Tell, Albert, and a soldier bearing Tell's bow and quiver, another with a basket of apples, soldiers.*]

Gesler. That is your ground. Now shall they measure, thence

A hundred paces. Take the distance.

Tell. Is

The line a true one?

Gesler. True or not, what is't

To thee?

Tell. What is't to me? A little thing,

A very little thing — a yard or two

Is nothing here or there — were it a wolf

I shot at! Never mind!

Gesler. Be thankful, slave,

Our Grace accords thee life on any terms.

Tell. I will be thankful, Gesler! Villain, stop!

You measure to the sun.

Gesler. And what of that?

What matter, whether to or from the sun?

Tell. I'd have it at my back! — The sun should shine

Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.

I cannot see to shoot against the sun!

I will not shoot against the sun!

Gesler. Give him his way! — Thou hast cause to bless my mercy.

Tell. I shall remember it. I'd like to see The apple I'm to shoot at.

Soldier (with the basket of apples). Here!

Gesler. Show me The basket! — There —

Tell. You've pick'd the smallest one.

Gesler. I know I have.

Tell. O! do you? — But you see The color on't is dark — I'd have it light, To see it better.

Gesler. Take it as it is: Thy skill will be the greater if thou hitt'st it. Well! choose thyself.

[*Hands a basket of apples. Tell takes one.*]

Tell. Have I a friend among The lookers on?

Verner. Here, Tell!

Tell. The boy! — the boy! — Think'st thou he has the courage to stand it?

Verner. Yes.

Tell. Does he tremble?

Verner. No.

Tell. Art sure?

Verner. I am.

Tell. How looks he?

Verner. Clear and smilingly.

If you doubt it — look yourself.

Tell. No — no — my friend,
To hear it is enough!

Verner. He bears himself
So much above his years —

Tell. I know! — I know.

Verner. With constancy so modest —

Tell. I was sure
He would —

Verner. And looks with such relying love
And reverence upon you.

Tell. Man! Man! Man!
No more! Already I'm too much the father
To act the man! — Verner, no more, my friend!
I would be flint — flint — flint! Don't make me feel
I'm not — You do not mind me! — Take the boy
And set him, Verner, with his back to me.
Set him upon his knees — and place the apple
Upon his head, so that the stem may front me —
Thus, Verner. Charge him to keep steady. Tell
him I'll hit the apple! — Verner, do all this
More briefly than I tell it thee.

Verner. Come, Albert!

Albert. May I not speak with him before I go?

Verner. No —

Albert. I would only kiss his hand.

Verner. You must not.

Albert. I must! I cannot go from him without!

Verner. It is his will you should.

Albert. His will, is it?

I am content then — come.

Tell. My boy! (*Holding out his arms to him.*)

Albert. My father! (*Running into Tell's arms.*)

Tell. If thou canst bear it, should not I? — Go now,

My son — and keep in mind that I can shoot.

Go, boy. Be thou but steady, I shall hit

The apple. (*Kisses him.*) Go! — God bless thee! —

Go! — My bow! (*Sarnem gives him the bow.*)

Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou? — Thou

Hast never fail'd him yet, old servant. — No!

I'm sure of thee — I know thy honesty,

Thou'rt stanch! — Stanch! — I'd deserve to find thee treacherous,

Could I suspect thee so. Come, I will stake

My all upon thee! Let me see my quiver.

Gesler. Give him a single arrow.

Tell. Do you shoot?

Lutold. I do.

Tell. Is't so you pick an arrow, friend?

The point, you see, is blunt, the feather jagg'd;

That's all the use 'tis fit for. (*Breaks it.*)

Gesler. Let him have
Another.

Tell. Why, 'tis better than the first,
But yet not good enough for such an aim
As I'm to take. 'Tis heavy in the shaft:
I'll not shoot with it! (*Throws it away.*) Let me
see my quiver.

Bring it! 'tis not one arrow in a dozen
I'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less
A dove like that. What is't you fear? I'm but
A naked man!— A wretched, naked man!
Your helpless thrall, alone in the midst of you,
With every one of you a weapon in
His hand. What can I do in such a strait
With all the arrows in that quiver? Come,
Will you give it me or not?

Gesler. It matters not.
Show him the quiver. You're resolved, I see,
Nothing shall please you.

[*Tell kneels and picks out an arrow, which he hides
under his vest, and then selects another.*]

Tell. Am I so? — That's strange,
That's very strange! — Is the boy ready?

Verner. Yes.

Tell. I'm ready too! — Keep silence, every one!
And stir not, for my child's sake! — And let me
have
Your prayers — your prayers — and be my witnesses,

That if his life's in peril from my hand,
'Tis only for the chance of saving it!
Now, friends, for mercy's sake keep motionless
And silent.

[*Tell shoots, and a shout of wonder and exultation bursts from the crowd. Tell falls on his knees and with difficulty supports himself.*]

Verner (*rushing in with Albert*). Thy boy is safe; no hair of him is touch'd!

Albert. Father, I'm safe — your Albert's safe.

Dear father,

Speak to me! speak to me!

Verner. He cannot, boy!

Albert. You grant him life?

Gesler. I do.

Albert. And are we free?

Gesler. You are.

Albert. Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!

Verner. Open his vest,
And give him air.

[*Albert opens his father's vest, and an arrow drops. Tell starts, fixes his eyes on Albert, and clasps him to his breast.*]

Tell. My boy! my boy!

Gesler. For what

Hid you that arrow in your breast? Speak, slave!

Verner. He cannot! — He's o'ercome! (*Whispers to Tell.*)

William, the tyrant stands aloof from all!
Thy deadly aim, alone, transfixes him,
And with him all the rest, through fear for him;
While pace by pace thou canst withdraw; — but
gain

A dozen yards, thou'rt free! I'll mind the boy!

Gesler. How came that arrow in thy breast?
Speak, slave!

Tell. To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my son!
And now beware! (*Tell suddenly takes aim at
Gesler.*)

Stir thou, or any stir!
The shaft is in thy heart!

[*Tell retreats slowly, while Verner removes Albert.
Gesler and the rest, following Tell with their
eyes, remain in breathless and motionless sus-
pense.*]

Sarnem. He shoots!

Gesler. O! (*Falls dead, transfixed with the
arrow.*)

Sarnem. Pursue him! — Hold! A host of
friends have join'd him,
And all in arms! — They now advance!

Lutold. On this side
Another speeds!

Sarnem. Back to the castle!

Lutold. Look! (*Michael and his friends appear
on the ramparts.*)

The castle is betray'd.

Michael. We thank you, friends,
For changing quarters with us!

Sarnem. Ha! — Shut out!
Surrounded!

[Enter Swiss, led by Tell.]

Tell. Yield! Resistance now is hopeless!
Your lives are spared! — The tyrant's will suffice!
Our country is free! Austrians, you'll quit a land
You never had a right to: and remember,
The country's never lost that's left a son
To struggle with the foe that would enslave her!

From "William Tell," by Sheridan Knowles.

SCENES FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR"

When the Roman general, Julius Cæsar, returned to Rome after his splendid triumphs, many of the people were eager to make him their king, though Rome was at that time a republic. Cassius and a party of famous Romans, among them the patriot Brutus, formed a conspiracy against Cæsar, and were successful in causing his death. The Forum, the market place of Rome, was immediately thronged with angry citizens, threatening the conspirators. Mark Antony, one of Cæsar's supporters, asked permission of the conspirators to speak at Cæsar's funeral. This permission was granted by Brutus, who did not realize the power of Antony's oratory.

SCENE I

PLACE: *The Forum*

<i>Characters</i>	{	Brutus
		Cassius
		Antony
		First Citizen
		Second Citizen
		Third Citizen
		Fourth Citizen

[*Enter Brutus and Cassius and a throng of Citizens.*]

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Brutus. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here ;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

First Citizen. I will hear Brutus speak.

Second Citizen. I will hear Cassius ; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.*]

Third Citizen. The noble Brutus is ascended :
silence !

Brutus. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear ; believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe ; censure me in your wisdom and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer, — Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep

for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him, but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus.

[*Enter Antony and others, with Cæsar's body.*]

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Citizen. Bring him with triumph home to his house.

Second Citizen. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Citizen. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Citizen. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crowned in Brutus.

First Citizen. We'll bring him to his house with
shouts and clamors.

Brutus. My countrymen, —

Second Citizen. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Citizen. Peace, ho!

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone.
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. *[Exit.*

First Citizen. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark
Antony.

Third Citizen. Let him go up into the public
chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Antony. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to
you.

[Goes into the pulpit.]

Fourth Citizen. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Citizen. He says, for Brutus' sake
He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Citizen. 'Twere best he speak no harm
of Brutus here.

First Citizen. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Citizen. Nay, that's certain :
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Second Citizen. Peace ! let us hear what Antony
can say.

Antony. You gentle Romans, —

Citizens. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me
your ears ;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones ;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest, —
For Brutus is an honorable man ;
So are they all, all honorable men, —
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransom did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Citizen. Methinks there is much reason in
his sayings.

Second Citizen. If thou consider rightly of the
matter,

Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Citizen. Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Citizen. Marked ye his words? He
would not take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Citizen. If it be found so, some will dear
abide it.

Second Citizen. Poor soul! his eyes are red as
fire with weeping.

Third Citizen. There's not a nobler man in
Rome than Antony.

Fourth Citizen. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might

Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament —
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read —
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Citizen. We'll hear the will: read it,
Mark Antony.

All. The will! the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Citizen. Read the will, we'll hear it,
Antony;

You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Antony. Will you be patient? will you stay
awhile?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it;

I fear I wrong the honorable men

Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Citizen. They were traitors: honorable
men!

All. The will! the testament!

Second Citizen. They were villains, murderers:
the will! read the will.

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the
will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

Second Citizen. Descend. (*He comes down from
the pulpit.*)

Third Citizen. You shall have leave.

Fourth Citizen. A ring; stand round.

First Citizen. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Second Citizen. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back. Room! Bear back.

Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.



(258)

MARK ANTONY ADDRESSES THE ROMANS

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

First Citizen. O piteous spectacle !

Second Citizen. O noble Cæsar !

Third Citizen. O woeful day !

Fourth Citizen. O traitors, villains !

First Citizen. O most bloody sight !

Second Citizen. We will be revenged.

All. Revenge ! About ! Seek ! Burn ! Fire !

Kill ! Slay ! Let not a traitor live !

Antony. Stay, countrymen.

First Citizen. Peace there ! hear the noble Antony.

Second Citizen. We'll hear him, we'll follow him,
we'll die with him.

Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not
stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable :

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it ; they are wise and honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :

I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend ; and that they know full
well

That gave me public leave to speak of him :
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths,

And bid them speak for me : but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

First Citizen. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Citizen. Away then ! come, seek the con-
spirators.

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me
speak.

All. Peace, ho ! Hear Antony. Most noble
Antony.

Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know
not what :

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves ?
Alas, you know not : I must tell you then ;
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true : the will ! Let's stay and hear the will.

Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Second Citizen. Most noble Cæsar ! We'll revenge his death.

Third Citizen. O royal Cæsar !

Antony. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho !

Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber ; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever ; common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar ! when comes such another ?

First Citizen. Never, never. Come, away, away !
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

Second Citizen. Go, fetch fire.

Third Citizen. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Citizen. Pluck down forms, windows,
anything.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

Antony. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art
afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt !

After Cæsar's assassination a civil war followed, in which Brutus, Cassius, and their followers opposed the party who wished to make Rome a monarchy.

The following scene shows Brutus and Cassius quarreling over ways and means that Cassius adopted to carry on the war. Brutus was "the noblest Roman of them all," and he bitterly opposed everything that seemed to him ignoble.

SCENE II

PLACE: *Brutus' tent*

Characters { Cassius
 Brutus

Cassius. That you have wronged me doth appear
in this :

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

Brutus. You wronged yourself to write in such
a case.

Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cassius. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Brutus. Remember March, the ides of March
remember :

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cassius. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Brutus. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cassius. I am.

Brutus. I say you are not.

Cassius. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Brutus. Away, slight man!

Cassius. Is't possible?

Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cassius. O ye gods, ye gods! Must I endure
all this?

Brutus. All this? aye, more. Fret till your proud
heart break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge,
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cassius. Is it come to this?

Brutus. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cassius. You wrong me every way; you wrong
me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Brutus. If you did, I care not.

Cassius. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus
have moved me.

Brutus. Peace, peace! you durst not so have
tempted him.

Cassius. I durst not!

Brutus. No.

Cassius. What, durst not tempt him!

Brutus. For your life you durst not.

Cassius. Do not presume too much upon my
love.

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brutus. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
For I can raise no money by vile means;
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection: I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cassius. I denied you not.

Brutus. You did.

Cassius. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived
my heart:

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Brutus. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cassius. You love me not.

Brutus. I do not like your faults.

Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cassius. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come ;

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world ;
Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;
Checked like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes ! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him
better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Brutus. Sheath your dagger :

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.

Cassius. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

Brutus. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered
too.

Cassius. Do you confess so much? Give me
your hand.

Brutus. And my heart too.

Cassius. O Brutus!

Brutus. What's the matter?

Cassius. Have not you love enough to bear with
me,

When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Brutus. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.



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